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DIARY

Sean French

I have discovered, through indirect channels, that I have incurred the *disapproval of one of our most distinguished* Scottish journalists. He objected, I understand, to my pontificating about Scotland after having spent a mere couple of days in Edinburgh. He also questioned my contention that the kilt was the invention of an Englishman.

I'm afraid that there's nothing much I can say to defend myself against the first charge. If I had to confine myself to areas in which I had some expertise, I would have been out of a job years ago. I've long since used up everything I know about. Now I'm well on the way through things I care about but don't know about. Soon that will be used up as well and I'll be writing about the truly inexhaustible subject of what I neither know nor care about.

I do know about kilts, however. The kilt was invented by Thomas Rawlinson, an English Quaker, around 1730. Hugh Trevor-Roper tells the full story in his wonderfully subversive essay, "The Highland Tradition of Scotland" (included in *The Invention of Tradition* edited by Eric Hobsbawm and Terence Ranger).

The reason I mention all this is that I am about to offend the distinguished journalist once again by pontificating about New York, based on the mere two days I spent there this week. This brief excursion to the Manhattan wedding of an old friend of mine has an immense significance for me because I sense in retrospect that it marked the moment I became a true child of Mrs Thatcher's time. For reasons of sentiment and friendship I wanted to go but I didn't have the money. So I went anyway, assuming in a Micawberish way that something would turn up before my credit card bill arrives next month.

One of Mrs Thatcher's greatest achievements has been to develop an economy largely subsisting on credit while cannily cultivating her reputation as the old-fashioned housewife basing her philosophy on the housekeeping maxim she imbibed in Grantham, that if you haven't got the money to pay for something, you can't have it. Auden summed up the prudent philosophy in a late poem:

> When couples played or sang duets,
> It was immoral to have debts:
> I shall continue till I die
> To pay in cash for what I buy.

The more apposite literary example is that of Lewis Carroll's walrus, weeping over the fate of the oysters that he and the carpenter have lured to their destruction. After hearing "The Walrus and the Carpenter", Alice responded: "I like the Walrus best because he was a little sorry for the poor oysters."

"He ate more than the Carpenter, though," said Tweedledee. "You see he held his handkerchief in front, so that the Carpenter couldn't count how many he took: contrariwise.'"

Mrs Thatcher's proponence of economic prudence is like a handkerchief decorously held before a country living on tick.

But back to New York. I am aware that for something called a diary, this column is generally rather short on gossip. I won't say much about the extraordinary wedding I attended (a longer account can be found in Clement Freud's diary for last Monday's *Times*—it was his son, Dominic, who was getting married). However, I will confide that one of the guests was Mrs Ivan Boesky and that another Manhattan hostess was tactless enough to ask her why her husband hadn't been able to come. I don't think Mrs Boesky minded too much however. She looked in rather good shape for a woman whose husband has recently had to pay a $100 million fine.

I also had the good fortune to meet an old university acquaintance, an American called Peter Robinson, who had just started a business course at Stanford University after six years in the White House working as a speechwriter for George Bush and Ronald Reagan. He showed me the cufflinks bearing the presidential seal that had been presented to him as a parting gift by Reagan himself. The president had also warned Peter to take care while he was at Stanford: "I hear the faculty there is a bit left wing."

My response to Peter was rather a naive one. I've written in this column before about the disagreements that British right-wing thinkers have with the government and I questioned Peter to see if he now had any similar disagreements with the policies of his masters. Was he in favour of the imposition of school prayer? Yes. Did he believe that military spending should be trimmed in any way to help deal with the country's deficit? No. The way to deal with the deficit was to curb "redistributive progammes".

The only divergence from Reagan's thinking that I could trace was over Nicaragua, where he believed that the president's policy was far too weak. The American government, he said, should have given the Contras sufficient resources to enable them to defeat the Sandinistas.

He was confident that George Bush would win the election. He observed, rightly, I think, that Dukakis's complaints about the economy would be ineffective so long as people were doing well out of it. He was only worried that Bush wouldn't have the strength to take Reaganism forward, in particular that he might not have a full commitment to SDI (Star Wars).

A similar figure in British politics would have put forward his views in a far more idiosyncratic way. There would be openly expressed disagreements with aspects of policy, and probably criticisms of the political leaders as well. But Reaganism is more like a religion than a set of policies. You can't just pick and choose between the commandments—you have to take them all.

In his *Times* diary, Clement Freud described his son's new father-in-law as a man who "knows a bit about the good life" and "greatly dislikes to *be out-performed when it comes to being a* caring host". This I take to be a coded way of describing a man who, on the evidence of the wedding reception, could have taught the Shah of Iran about conspicuous consumption.

I found all this especially piquant because I was staying in the SoHo loft of the playwright, Patricia Kaufman. I met her at the Edinburgh Festival where she was putting on her play, called *Plenty Money*, in a production on the Fringe. The play is a two-hander about a sado-masochistic relationship where the ultimate aphrodisiac proves to be the discussion of large amounts of money.

Admittedly my own experiences of discussing the subject over the last few days were decidedly anaphrodisiac but I suppose the point is to be in possession of the money as well. Or, as I believe they say in New York: "Don't talk it if you can't walk it."

ROGER WODDIS

Down Whitehall Way

(The Prime Minister revealed on Radio 4's "Down Your Way" that No. 10 was built on a marsh and that she had to borrow some silver to make the place "more like home".

'Mid pleasures and palaces
Though Margaret may roam,
However short of silver,
There's no place like home.
Her steely resolution
Does not explain her stir:
What grabs the Iron Lady
Is antique silverware.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
More prized than polished chrome,
There's no place like home.

It's watery foundation
Runs deeper than we know;
However dry the surface,
There's oozy sludge below.
The dampness of Macmillan,
The wetness of Ted Heath
Was not a sign of softness,
But of the marsh beneath.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Who needs a garden gnome?
There's no place like home.

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EDITORIAL

The Story of O

The Gibraltar killings are caught up in a confusing mix of politics and media representation. How to make sense of the drama?

Andrzej Krauze

Politics now is in permanent repertory on the media, and the media set a political stage for the world. The SAS shoot down three IRA terrorists in Gibraltar and a confused drama of interaction between the two is set in motion. How to unscramble it? What are the significant episodes in the unfolding drama?

Thames Television's *This Week* programme punctures the mood of self-congratulation over the killings, exposing the laxness of the police inquiries and raising urgent questions about the manner of the killings and the official account. The IBA, the regulatory body for independent television, refuses to ban the programme and is to be abolished. *This Week* is now in danger of being re-scheduled to run against the BBC's *EastEnders*, which is a not-so-subtle way of putting out a contract on the programme. Who to blame? The Darth Vaders of the airwaves, Murdoch, Maxwell and co? Or our very own Queen of Hearts?

Meanwhile, Whitehall sets about stage-managing an inquest in Gibraltar. The press is invisibly primed with reassuring details of the official evidence, right to the very day on which the inquest opens. The *Sunday Times* becomes almost a ventriloquist's dummy in the lap of the security forces, rubbishing *This Week* and elaborating a more sympathetic version of events, while the *Sun* viciously smears a potentially damaging witness, Carmen Proetta.

Then there is the "will they, won't they?" saga, dramatising the dangers that the SAS run, and culminating in the subtle theatre of the curtain which has so enhanced the mystique of the principal actors: Mr O with his "well-educated voice", "cool" Soldier F, "young raw-voiced" Soldier A . . . (We don't doubt the reality of the risks to their lives, but it's curious that the same deference to safety is rarely shown in the case of ordinary squaddies in Northern Ireland.)

Pathologist Alan Watson gives evidence of the appalling wounds he found on the bodies of the three terrorists. The terrible realities of the killings invade everyone's front room. No question of waiting upon the jury's verdict. The shock sends the *Sun* soaring into the most prominent display of premature ejaculation in the history of print journalism: a Page One Comment entitled "WHY THE DOGS OF WAR HAD TO DIE" and a two-page spread inside explaining in gross-out prose why the SAS had to "blow out" Savage's brain, "pulp" Farrell's heart and "mash" McCann's chest. The *Sun*'s verdict: "Dogs of war deserve to die like dogs". The very extravagance of this response obscures the fact that the *Daily Mirror* too seeks to offset the shock of Watson's evidence; its front-page, under the heading "LEST WE FORGET", reminds readers of recent IRA outrages.

Plainly, it's not by accident that the two newspapers with a working-class readership feel obliged to rally them behind the state. Equally plainly, no-one has to run up a flag to tell them what England expects. (For all its cheeky "Publish and be damned" persona, the *Mirror* has always been essentially deferential.) What, though, are the psychological mechanisms which instil such patronising (and yet fearful) attitudes towards their readers and Pavlovian loyalty towards the state?

Meanwhile, the inquest continues. To the urgent questions it must answer new questions are added.

If the Police Commissioner and his military advisers really believed that Savage's Renault was a radio-controlled car bomb which the terrorists could set off by the mere touch of a button, why did they wait for at least ten minutes after they had been shot dead to issue the evacuation order?

Given that they knew that they would have "no second chance", why did they ever contemplate giving the terrorists a split-second opportunity to detonate a bomb by placing such examplary emphasis on effecting arrests?

And how does Soldier E's statement that standard Army practice demands that soldiers invariably shoot to kill once they open fire square with the law's demand for the use of minimum force to effect an arrest? And were the 27 shots all fired with the aim of extinguishing life rather than the claim that one of them might press that fateful, notional button?

In a special issue of *Index on Censorship*, unusually devoted in its entirety to Britain, Professor Ronald Dworkin argues that the very *culture* of liberty in this country is deficient. British justice is on trial in Gibraltar. So too is the care that our society takes of our liberties. The scrutiny which the media bring to bear on the evidence, given and missing at the inquest, has significant implications for our ability to do that.

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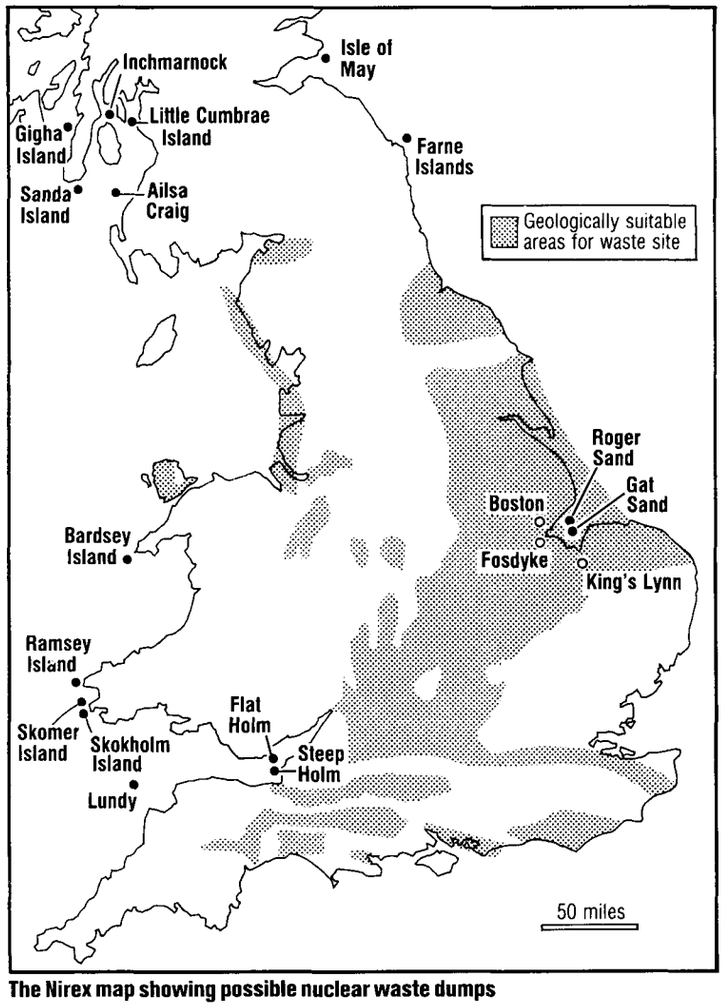

The Nirex map showing possible nuclear waste dumps

Nuclear waste heads offshore

A map leaked to Lincolnshire anti-nuclear waste campaigners suggests that the ill-fated search for a British "intermediate level" nuclear waste dump is homing in on sandbanks in the Wash. Checks on the authenticity of the map have also revealed that many of Britain's most attractive offshore islands, most of them bird and seal sanctuaries, are still being considered for radioactive waste dumping.

The map is marked "Nirex 1st option class 2 waste". Nirex, or UK Nirex Ltd, is the Nuclear Industry Radioactive Waste Executive, and was set up in July 1982 to find and build a new national nuclear waste-disposal site. It is owned by BNFL, CEGB, UKAEA, SSEB and the government.

The map, which was passed to a member of the Boston-based "Wash Watch" anti-nuclear group, Ann Williams, marks two sandbanks—Gat Sand and Roger Sand—near Boston, Lincs. Three ports which could be used for transporting waste to the offshore site—Boston itself, Fosdyke, and Kings Lynn—are also marked. Both sandbanks form part of the Holbeach offshore bombing range, used by the RAF and USAF.

Friends of the Earth, who have successfully tracked most of Nirex's previous site explorations, have seen the map and believe it to be authentic. The Wash, said Stuart Boyle of FoE, was being "seriously considered" and was on Nirex's still-confidential new waste dumps shortlist. The basic map—including the offshore islands marked—is virtually identical to other versions of a UK Nirex search map published at an obscure international congress—and therefore almost certainly genuine. Extra markings indicating that a site in the Wash is being actively explored appear to have been added by a surveyor and includes notes about possible ports and support from the ministry of agriculture.

A Nirex official said that he could not confirm the authenticity of the map, and refused to say which sites would be selected when the company publishes its shortlist, due early in 1989. But he admitted that the Wash was still being examined as a potential site. The accessibility of ports made it particularly suitable, he added.

Officials of the British Geological Survey, who are working with Nirex, confirmed that although specific field investigations were not yet planned, "officially, nowhere is ruled out". The "preferred environment", he said "would be a small island, low relief hard rock, or seaward dipping sedimentary rocks". This made the region from the Humber to the Wash particularly attractive.

Nirex's plan to use offshore islands also "still has its appeal", said the company representative. It would be more expensive, but "the hydrogeology is likely to very stable". Of the islands shown on the map, only two—Bardsea Island and Anglesey, both off North Wales—have been officially ruled out.

Nirex's last attempt to find a land-based UK nuclear waste dump ended suddenly in May 1987. Since then, the nuclear industry has been frantically looking around for an alternative. A consultancy document produced in November 1987 by Nirex, "The Way Forward", pointed to a deep-sea dump as one of the two options open to it.

But "The Way Forward" failed to acknowledge or include the disposal option advocated by all the major environmental groups, which is retention of all waste at the nuclear site where it is generated. It also failed to display the list of "potentially suitable offshore islands", although these had already been identified and known to experts. Greenpeace dismissed the document as "a sham"; the Town and Country Planning Association said that Nirex "had already made up its mind" before issuing it. An analysis of the public response, prepared by the University of East Anglia, is due in November.

Anticipating heavy opposition to the possible use of offshore islands or an area like the Wash, Nirex has already filed planning applications for disposal sites at Windscale and at Dounreay. But the islands remain under active consideration, and would be used as platforms from which to tunnel under the sea bed.

The likely public response to proposals to create nuclear waste dumps on key nature reserves such as the Farne Islands, Lundy, or May or Ramsay Island would make last year's outcry when Nirex's unfortunate planners opted to build the dump in the backyards of Tory MPs seem like a tea party. *Duncan Campbell and Nigel Townson*

Failed architects

Jacques Delors, the president of the European Commission, addressed the TUC Congress at Bournemouth last week to ask Britain's trade union leaders this question. Were they enthusiasts for, sceptic about or architects of European integration? To be comprehensive he should have offered them membership of a fourth category: failed architects. By Thursday of last week when the question was asked, that is how most TUC officials felt.

The EETPU electricians' union's expulsion was not the solution to union competition over single union deals on greenfield sites, but just another stage in the conflict.

The Congress adopted a finely-engineered, experimental code of practice to regulate these agreements. But even Tony Christopher, the new TUC president, acknowledged it was likely the code would have to be rewritten fairly quickly. The AEU engineering union, the TUC second largest affiliate, has made it clear it intends to continue signing such agreements. So another crisis won't be long in coming and it's likely the rules will be rewritten rather than the AEU expelled.

The AEU's central role was further confirmed by the performance of Bill Jordan, the union's president. Clean cut, articulate, reasoned, he will carry the banner of the right within the unions, after Eric Hammond's expulsion. Indeed he may carry it more effectively than Mr Hammond. While the EEPTU has always been quite isolationist, Mr Jordan is keen to lead, to assert his position over the rest of Congress.

Mr Jordan is only matched by John Edmonds, the centrist leader of the GMB, general union. No one from the left came close to Mr Jordan's sense of strategy and purpose. The left may still command substantial block of votes around the TGWU, Nalgo, MSF and Nupe—enough to carry the boycott of Employment

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Training, the government's new scheme for the unemployed—but it seemed completely bereft of ideas, imagination and appeal.

What was new was the TUC's conversion to Europe. The debate on Europe was used as a signal to members and the public that the union's were prepared to seek opportunities in European integration for stronger workers' rights, industrial democracy, improved health and safety laws.

Even on this the TUC's conversion seems opportunist. Booklets may be written, and policies adopted. But the unions are still infused with a defiant, little englandism, that "abroad" does not really matter other than for holidays and football. Mr Delors, the first really powerful politician to address congress for a decade, was welcomed by a half empty hall. *Charles Leadbeater, Financial Times Labour Correspondent*

New hope after decades of talks

Talks are breaking out in Cyprus again. United Nations soldiers were last week dusting off the conference room in Nicosia's bullet-scarred Ledra Palace Hotel—home for decades of talks between the island's Greeks and Turks. On Thursday, Greek-Cypriot president George Vassiliou and Turkish-Cypriot leader Rauf Denktash began a new dialogue.

Talks on Cyprus have been going on, on and off, ever since the island's power-sharing constitution broke down in 1963. Generations of UN mediators—including Secretary General Perez de Cuellar—have tabled proposals and hosted negotiations only to see the communities drift further apart, especially since Turkish troops took over a third of the island in 1974. The last attempt broke down three years ago in a welter of mutual recrimination.

So why do many Cypriots think it could be different this time?

One reason is the new president Greek-Cypriots elected in February. George Vassiliou is a businessman, uninvolved in the island's past intercommunal squabbling. He beat the former president, Spyros Kyprianou, on a promise of tough but flexible negotiations with the Turks. He thinks he can do a deal acceptable to both communities—and, for the moment at least, most Greek-Cypriots want to see him try.

Denktash, too, may be more inclined to make some kind of deal. He and his internationally ostracised "Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus" depend massively on economic aid from the motherland. But his Turkish patrons now have bigger prizes in view, for which they may be willing to trade concessions in Cyprus—*rapprochment* with the old adversary in Athens and the hope of membership of the European Community.

So, the optimists say, Cyprus could become the latest success for a revitalised United Nations. But the way forward is strewn with pitfalls and memories of the past. Three issues, in particular, are crucial to any settlement.

First, what will happen to the Greek-Cypriot refugees, 180,000 of whom fled their homes in northern Cyprus when the Turks invaded in 1974? And what will happen to the immigrants from mainland Turkey who have been allowed to settle on their land?

Second, what kind of power-sharing is acceptable? Both sides agree that Cyprus should be a federation of Greek- and Turkish-controlled regions—but the Turks want the central government to have virtually no power.

Third, who should guarantee the settlement? Denktash insists that Turkish troops must stay, to protect his community from intercommunal violence like that which scarred the island from 1963 to 1974. Greek-Cypriots, who vividly remember the brutality of the invasion, want guarantees they can trust.

The lack of trust is the root problem Vassiliou and Denktash must overcome. Greeks and Turks in Cyprus have lived largely separate lives for 25 years. They, literally, no longer speak each others' languages. The next few weeks could decide whether they ever will again. *David Souter*

Action and divisions on poll tax

The poll tax is the most regressive, unjust and unpopular measure to be inflicted by the Tories on Scotland for decades. Yet, with richly depressing irony, its main impact so far has been to open up divisions within the Scottish Labour party deeper than any since Mrs Thatcher first became Prime Minister.

Although this weekend's special Labour conference in Glasgow is virtually certain to reject a campaign of non-payment, the fierce and sometimes bitter arguments over how best to combat the tax are bound to continue. In the longer term they may develop into something rather more serious.

On one side is the shadow Scottish secretary, Donald Dewar MP, a narrow majority of the Scottish executive, and most of the major unions. They believe that in campaigning against the tax the party must stay within the law. When the tax is levied next April, people should pay it.

They supported the "Return to Sender" campaign aimed at encouraging people to send back their poll tax registration forms, but as the vast majority of Scots have now registered, this is now redundant. They also supported this week's Scottish TUC's week of action against the poll tax, which saw demonstrations in most cities and a token eleven minute stoppage.

On the other side is shadow health spokesman, Robin Cook MP, at least another dozen Labour MPs, a growing group of activists behind the new devolutionist ginger group Scottish Labour Action, the TGWU, the National Communications Union and Militant. They all believe in non-payment as a tactic, but views on strategy vary widely.

The most interesting grouping on the non-payment side is an as yet unnamed coalition which has convened privately at the behest of two MPs, John McAllion and Maria Fyfe and the STUC assistant general secretary Bill Speirs. Assuming the special conference will reject non-payment, this group has been working on the idea of establishing a "committee of 100" prominent non-payers, an initiative which would have to be organised outside the Labour party.

Whatever action is taken, it is now very difficult to imagine the battle against the poll tax being won. The deeper and ultimately more important arguments—whether or not Labour's only real choice is to gamble on winning the next election, and how far the party should go in promoting the devolution of power—will come more to the fore.

Within the constitutional framework of the United Kingdom, it is impossible for Labour to overcome its Scottish dilemma: political responsibility without political power. That is why increasing numbers of activists—including John Pollock, one of the Scottish Labour movement's most senior figures—have begun to flirt with nationalism.

This does not mean that anyone is going to repeat what Jim Sillars did in 1975 and try and form a separate Scottish Labour party nor that people are going to defect to the Scottish Nationalist party (where Jim Sillars is now). But it does mean that some of the Scots within the British Labour party could become a mite more rebellious. *Rob Edwards*

Campaign for Press and Broadcasting Freedom

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12.45– 2.00 Lunch
2.00– 3.30 Workshops
3.30– 4.30 Plenary

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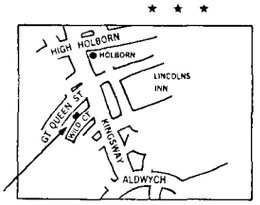

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Labour's bores united

Labour. A mass party. Dedicated to social change. Nourished by the skills and knowledge of its broad membership. Camaraderie. A sneak preview of a better world.

Not so. It's more difficult to join than MI6. Espionage skills are a prerequisite for winkling out an application form, tracking down a local branch meeting, held, *de rigeur*, in the dankest room in the ward and learning to communicate in a code which can't be cracked by the ordinary punter.

Armed, eventually, with party card, the threshold of another world glimmers.

A terrible shock's in store. Initiates get a creeping feeling that the taxing exercise of joining was pointless and boring. Yes, boring. Now it's official. Exquisite *ennui* permeates the Party—according to the National Executive Committee.

Grippingly entitled "Promoting Our Values", a new report reveals that dreariness emanates from some of its staunchest supporters. With twelve long years of membership—and experience of nine local branches—I can't argue with it.

From Scotland to Inner London, I've experienced it. Acute boredom. First you fight it. You joined to build a better world. You do have deeply held views on everything from reproductive organs to Sri Lanka (both were the only topics of one memorable four-hour meeting). You work hard at decoding comrades' contributions. He said "struggle" five times and "witch-hunt" three, so he's a Trot. But which variety?

She has already pointed up 16 "serious issues". I've forgotten what the resolution was. Opposing the road widening scheme, I think. Is that really irretrievably bound up with sexist organisational structures? Is she in the LCC?

Then there's faction fun. A room quarter-full. White men droning on for or against black sections. Oh my God, everyone's looking at me to see how I'll vote. Either way half the room won't talk to me in the pub afterwards. If only I could vote for something that made sure none of them would. Ever again.

Another city. Faction-free. An honest-to-goodness jumble sale machine. Here, it depends who is related to whom. Haven't seen her before, but, from the viciousness of that attack on Y's coffee morning fundraiser, she must be X's sister-in-law.

Back to the report. Another NEC sell-out? Socialist policies, not membership drives. Others, insistent upon endless speechifying about attracting new members, may be drafting tedious resolutions supporting it.

Cynics may point out that getting onto the NEC presupposes a gargantuan resistance to boredom and, often, depends upon a superlative ability to be boring oneself.

Alternatively, (alternatives are a must—without them, the meeting might finish early) the report may actually lead to building a better party.

Let's hope so. Contrary to some popular perceptions, the Labour party is united. Superglued together—from North to South, local branch to NEC, red-blooded left to vitriolic right—with a viscous film of mind-being tedium.

Jane Mackay

THIS ENGLAND

£3 Book Tokens for entries printed. (Postcards please.)

●Part of the M2 in Kent was closed during rush hour yesterday to allow a swan to take flight, using the coastbound carriageway as a runway.—*Guardian* (Ronald Pearson)

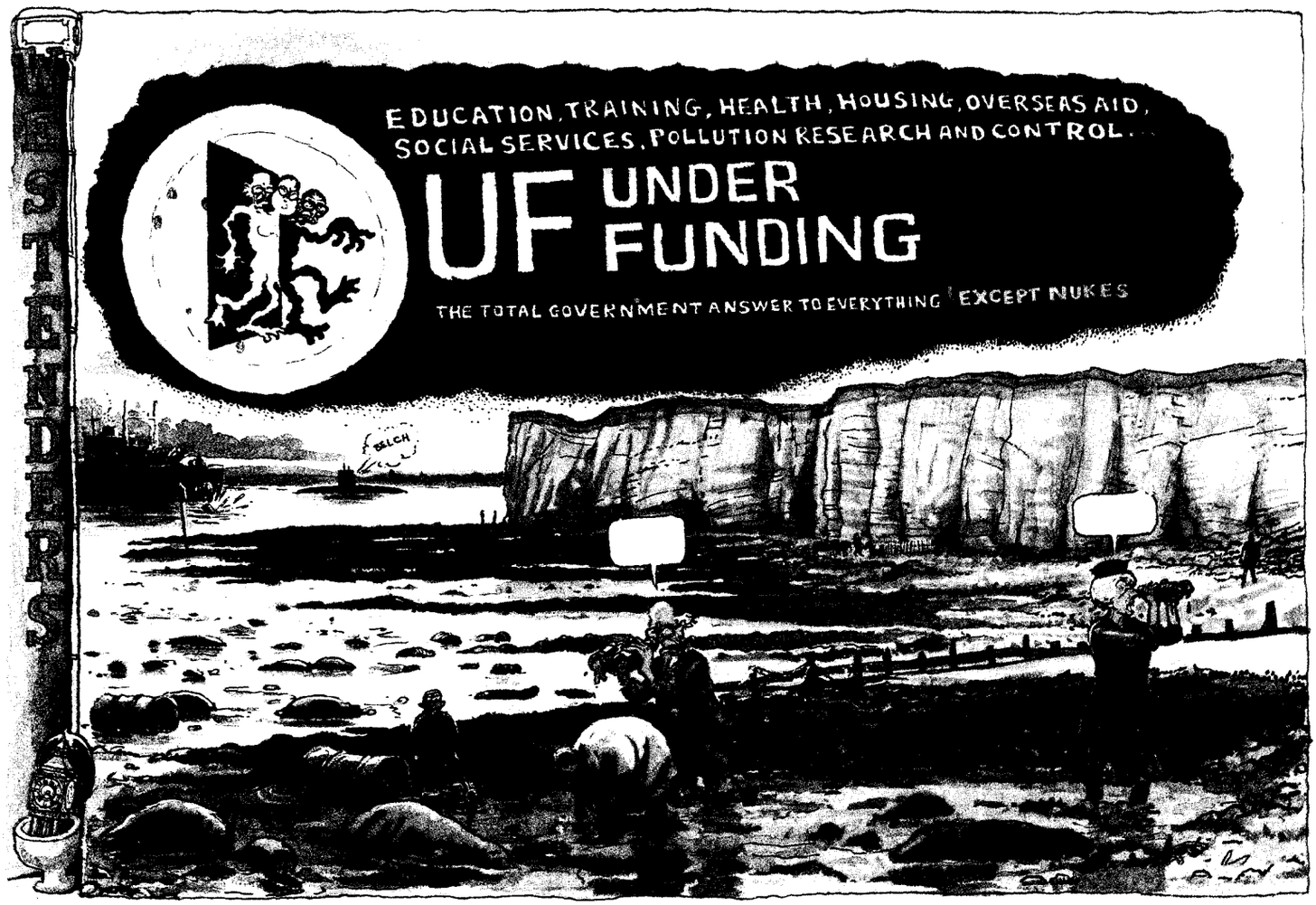
●An electricity board yesterday admitted trying to sell a cut-price heating system to a woman it knew had died.

South Western Electricity Board even added the word "deceased" next to the pensioner's name on the envelope posted to her home.—*Glasgow Herald* (Alison Prince)

●Nellie Townley, 74, still has a chocolate rabbit she bought 63 years ago for 3d—except for one of its ears which she nibbled off when she was an 11-year-old. Said Nellie, of Etruria, Stoke-on-Trent: "I don't think I'll ever throw it away now."—*Sunday Express* (George Moor)

●Ian Wood, aged 39, the solicitor serving two life sentences for the murder of his French-born lover and her three-year-old daughter, was yesterday struck off by the Solicitors' Disciplinary Tribunal.—*Guardian* Angela Bibb

Please fax or telephone with entries this week. Fax number 01 739 9307. Phone number 01 739 3211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Up chic creek

Peter Chippindale and Chris Horrie sample ideal living for the super-rich in Chelsea Harbour

Next month the first exclusive "speciality shops" will be opened at Chelsea Harbour, completing the initial stage of one of London's largest and most remarkable property developments. In only two and half years from planning permission, a combination of astute management and American "fast-track" construction knowhow has created, from scratch, an entire community for over 3,000 residents and workers.

Chelsea Harbour is not just another collection of offices or yuppie housing developments. In the words of its own skilful marketing operation, it is "an integrated self-contained village on the banks of the Thames", unashamedly targetted at the wealthy and status conscious who want to be in London, but get well away from the increasing horror of its everyday life. The success of the development demonstrates even more graphically than Docklands how new money and thinking is transforming the face of the capital.

Until the 1980s the capital's achievers were largely interested in moving into traditional period housing in areas hyped by image-makers as "villages". This concept, based on sketchy historical reality, has become one of the key words of marketing-speak. It does for property what "antique" does for furniture, and "designer" does for almost anything—it jacks the price up.

Peter Arkell

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Assiduously pushed by lifestyle magazines and estate agents, this mumbo-jumbo has now degenerated at one end of the scale into absurdities like "Clapton Village"—used to describe a nondescript sprawl in Hackney—and at the other into the "instant village" of Chelsea Harbour.

In both cases the object of the image-makers is not to create anything resembling a real village, with its range of social, occupational and financial status from top to bottom, but to eliminate it. Instead the "village" is an area to be packed with PLUs (people like us) indulging in similar aspirational lifestyles.

But in the last decade a combination of the pressure of deteriorating public life and the selfishness of the new lifestyle politics has created a rising demand for property which enables you to live in the right "village" area, with its designer amenities, but at the same time inhabit your own little oasis of seclusion and security.

Builders have been cashing in with a wave of small-scale developments tucked away in mews, old warehouses and spaces at the back of buildings. But generally it is only in isolated, run-down areas like Docklands, where there is little reason to live, apart from the convenience of getting to work, that there are sites large enough for more than a few houses or a block of flats.

Chelsea Harbour is the exception, and the developers have seized the opportunity of a 20-acre green field site, less than a mile from Sloane Square, to erect a stunning monument to the new confident lifestyle.

The first huge bonus of the development is immediatley obvious. The entry road takes you direct to the underground car park, which, with space for 1,700 cars, is one of the largest in Europe. You can leave your vehicle, safely protected by a security guard, and forget not just about traffic, but what would otherwise be an unsightly clutter of BMWs, Mercedes and Porsches littering the "village" streets.

From the car park a glass-fronted lift takes you seamlessly up to what is designed as the social hub of the village, "Harbour Yard", a minimalist modern building with a glassed-over central court-yard.

Here, in the Information Centre which is shortly to be turned into a wine bar, glossy packs are dispensed for the punters to drool over as they relax on the tasteful pastel sofas. The walls are covered with giant colour blow-ups emphasising the development's multiple posing opportunities. Men in Suits in the target 40 to 60 age group are shown waving about copies of the *FT*, brandishing briefcases, sitting behind large desks, jogging along by the river and lounging about on expensive boats. One is even pictured defying the laws of the airwaves by using his car-phone in the underground car park. Various women decorate the scenarios and can be seen being chatted up in the in-house restaurants, trying on expensive jewellery, and graciously accepting bouquets of flowers.

After absorbing this we are introduced to our guide, the general manager, Jim Milne. Milne, a 59-year-old chartered surveyor, is a large, bluff, good-natured man who was recruited for the project last October to—as he puts it—"bring in a bit of grey hair". He is understandably wary, following awkward scenes when residents were persuaded to co-operate with media interviews, only to find they had unwittingly provided the material for snide grumbles about their affluent lifestyle. It has already been made clear that we are not going to meet any.

Jim starts us at the top by whisking us off to the showpiece, the 200-foot high Belvedere Tower. The Belvedere, floodlit at night, is for the truly ostentatiously rich, with just one penthouse on each floor, the prices rising as smoothly as the lift from just under £1 million until you reach what Milne describes as "the plum"—the penthouse on the 18th floor.

This will shortly be marketed with the normal careful Chelsea Harbour build-up. Well-known pop and showbiz names have already been bandied about and whoever buys can boast that the most famous resident to date, Michael Caine, inhabits an inferior position on one of the floors beneath them.

Throughout the development and, according to Jim, the main attraction apart from security, is the emphasis on quality and the use of the highest-grade materials. The flats not sold as shells have top-of-the-range Bosch kitchens, the bathrooms have genuine marble interiors as standard, and even the baths themelves are jumbo-sized and enamelled.

Practically all the accommodation has been sold and, in a fitting tribute to the marketing strategy, 80 per cent has gone to people moving from within a five-mile radius.

The high prices are predictable enough for a slice of this village life, but it is the architecture of the development which is the astonishing part. With no boring conservation restrictions, and Modern Man in mind, the architect Ray Moxley (who has himself bought one of the flats) has cheerfully embarked on a design philosophy of "a mixture of buildings creating interest", which takes the modern doctrine of freedom of choice to its logical conclusion.

The result is bizarre postmodernist jumble which sweeps up the world's styles and periods to create 14 different buildings in neo-classical and newer styles which Jim could only helplesly describe as "modern". The Belvedere sports a Japanese-influenced pagoda roof carrying the development's "feature", a large electronically-operated ball which rises and falls with the tide, ostensibly as an aid to the "sailors" whose expensive machines are parked in the 75 berth marina, where the mooring charges are the equal of the best berths on the Solent.

The village's commercial activity is contained in 180,000 square feet of offices and studios, to be occupied by suitable modern-day "artisans" including an international model agency, and firms specialising in the new industries of junk mail, product launching, marketing, design and packaging, and interior decor consultancy.

Stage Two of the construction will take matters even more upmarket, with the building, at a cost of £36 million, of the world's first "5 Star" hotel by Conrad International, the overseas division of Hilton Hotels, USA. The hotel will be distinguished by having no rooms as such, but only two or three room suites.

Despite its exclusivity, from day one Chelsea Harbour has made huge efforts to "involve" the public. The Information Centre has tirelessly dealt with visitors who have plainly come just to gawp. Careful promotion has ensured a high media profile, not just as a backdrop for glossy fashion spreads, but on television: it provided one of the main outside broadcast locations for this spring's Telethon charity jamboree.

It is a two-way trade. The developers are anxious that public participation amid discreet security will ensure that the Harbour is not written off as a fortress for the rich. And they want to impress it on the public perception as a place for young people, especially, to aspire to and be seen in. This in turn will not only provide atmosphere and "colour" but will be enormously flattering to the ego of the residents.

But wherever possible the "public" which is being sought will be sanitised in just the same way as the development filters the reality of London. The normal mish-mash of drunks, yobs, football hooligans, vandals, tramps, car thieves and muggers will definitely not be encouraged, and left instead to roam the streets of the Borough of Hammersmith and Fulham in the world outside.

Meanwhile the borough, which has changed hands and gone Labour, has applied to the Boundary Commission for the transfer of the Sands End ward, which contains the Harbour and its surrounding area, to neighbouring Chelsea, by moving the present boundary line which runs along the creek.

After all, as was pointed out to us as we gulped a reviving pint of Dogbolter in the Ferret and Firkin after our tour, the development has chosen to call itself Chelsea Harbour. Hammersmith and Fulham Harbour just does not have the same ring to it.

Chelsea "village": discreet security protects its exclusivity

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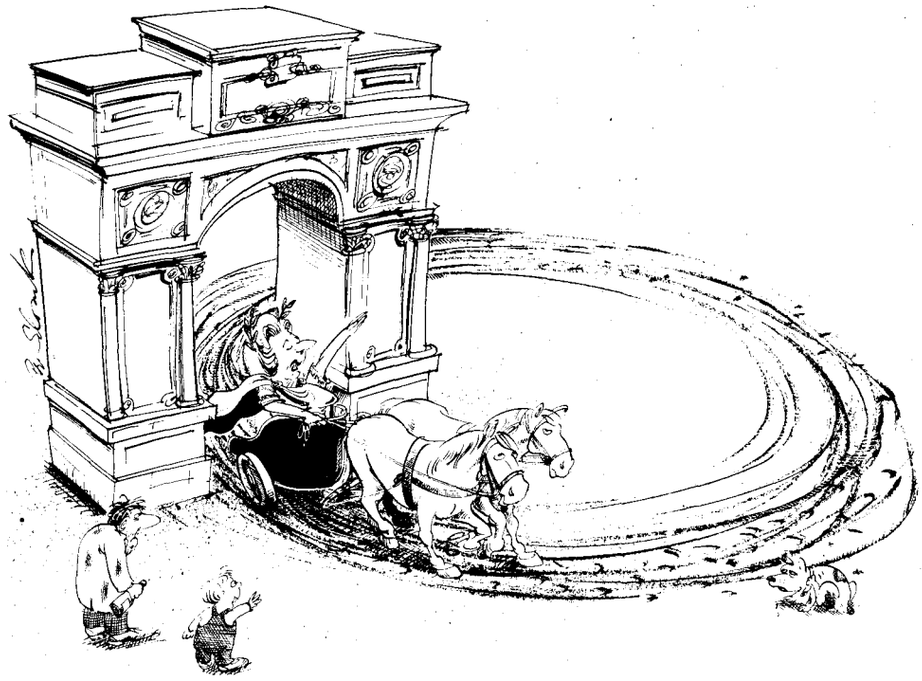

Peter Schrank

Send her victorious!

The argument for Britain's unfair voting system is that it delivers strong and stable government. So it does: overwhelmingly strong and stable Tory government. Historically, it's provided secure Tory majorities four times more often than Labour and made the Conservatives one of the most successful right-wing parties in the west. Now, argues Patrick Dunleavy, Mrs Thatcher is poised to take monopoly control of state power and spread her ideas throughout the political system. The SDP and SLD see the need for electoral reform. It's high time Labour did too.

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No one in their right mind thinks Labour is on course to win the next general election outright (which does not stop Labour leaders publicly flaying Robin Cook for saying so). Almost anyone who is reasonably informed about politics believes that the government is coasting to a pretty assured victory at some level in 1991-92—barring an unforeseen political or economic catastrophe in the interim.

The chief guarantor of this outcome is Britain's "first past the post" electoral system, which localises all contests in single-member constituencies, counts people's first preferences only, and awards the seat to whichever candidate polls the largest number of votes. The system penalises parties with minority support distributed evenly across constituencies. It awards seats disproportionately to parties with more overall support and clear concentrations of their vote into "heartland" areas (the Conservatives and Labour).

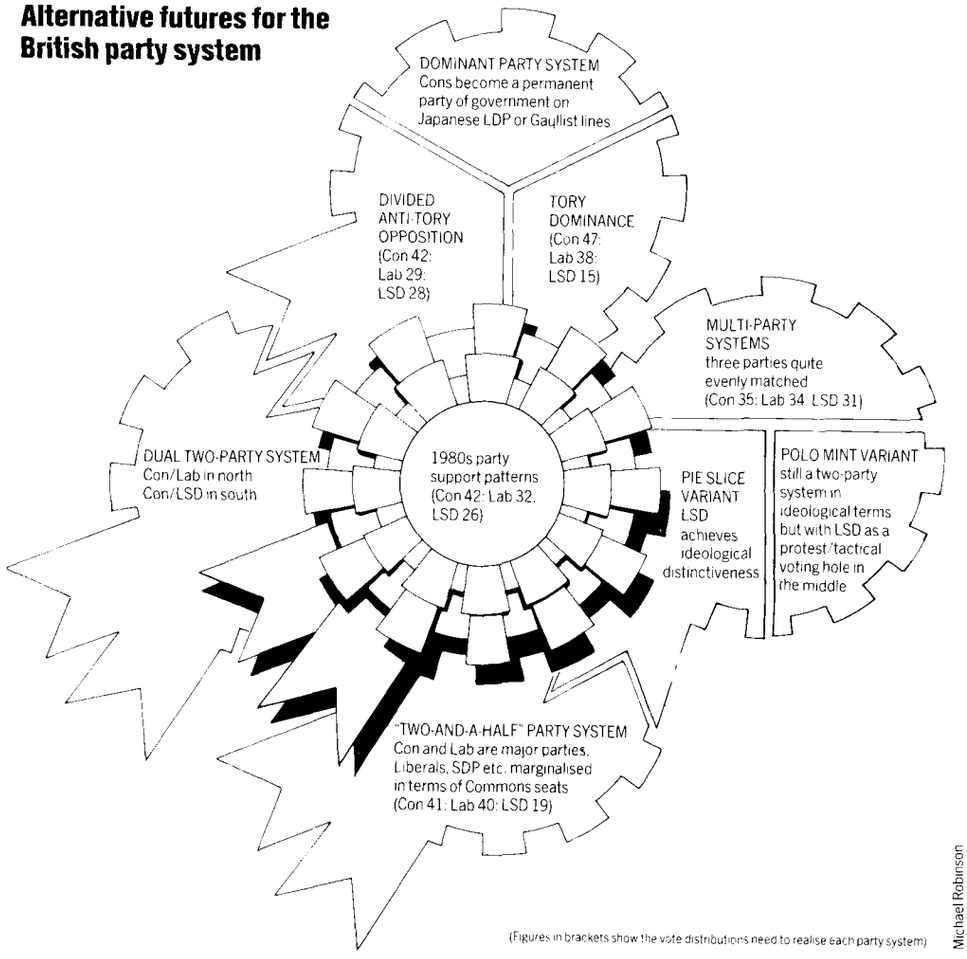
The system often also exaggerates the lead of the largest party. In the 1980s its major beneficiary has been the Conservatives, who now hold 60 per cent of the mainland Commons seats with under 43 per cent of the British vote.

The usual argument for the system is that it injects an artificial, but welcome, degree of "certainty" or "stability" into British politics. Yet during the 1980s the reverse has been the case. For the last decade the British party system has been poised unsteadily between four contrasting patterns of development, separated from each other by tiny differences in the main parties' vote levels (see right). Fluctuations of a few percentage points can make an enormous difference to the outcomes for the political parties. Far from providing clear choices for voters, what we might call "plurality rule" elections with three or "two and a half" parties in competition have already produced a maze of uncertainty for voters—the "fruit machine politics" which Neil Kinnock was at such pains to denounce in the 1987 campaign.

Where is the party system heading now? On the basis of this summer's polls the clear answer is that the Conservatives are well on their way to establishing in Britain a *dominant party* system. In these systems (such as postwar Japan, Sweden since the 1930s, or France under de Gaulle), there is still genuine and even intense electoral competition. But a single party commands so large and so assured a share of the vote that it is permanently in government and can realistically never be beaten. The dominant party monopolises control of state power, and its influence progressively extends through virtually all other organs of the state (such as local government or supposedly independent institutions). Its ideology suffuses the political system and sets the terms of debate.

In Britain, the government's inexorable drive to privatise state employment, and to destroy the capacity for local government to serve as a centre for political mobilisation against it, may well ensure that by the 1990s a smaller central state completely dominates the political landscape, with no alternative centres of political legitimacy in view. The consequences of these changes for supposedly independent or non-politicised institutions can already be charted—for example, in clear breaches of the rule of law and basic human rights in the cause of defeating IRA terrorism.

Alternative futures for the British party system


DOMINANT PARTY SYSTEM
Cons become a permanent party of government on Japanese LDP or Gaullist lines
DIVIDED ANTI-TORY OPPOSITION
(Con 42: Lab 29: LSD 28)
TORY DOMINANCE
(Con 47: Lab 38: LSD 15)
MULTI-PARTY SYSTEMS
three parties quite evenly matched
(Con 35: Lab 34: LSD 31)
DUAL TWO-PARTY SYSTEM
Con/Lab in north
Con/LSD in south
1980s party support patterns
(Con 42: Lab 32: LSD 26)
PIE SLICE VARIANT
LSD achieves ideological distinctiveness
POLO MINT VARIANT
still a two-party system in ideological terms but with LSD as a protest/tactical voting hole in the middle
"TWO-AND-A-HALF" PARTY SYSTEM
Con and Lab are major parties, Liberals, SDP etc. marginalised in terms of Commons seats
(Con 41: Lab 40: LSD 19)

(Figures in brackets show the vote distributions need to realise each party system)

Michael Robinson

A number of independent influences in the social and electoral systems are pushing towards Conservative predominance. The British class structure has shifted markedly towards non-manual groups in the last 30 years, and employment has ebbed out of manufacturing and into services, especially business and financial services. So dramatic have these changes become (both here and in the US) that some Marxists now claim that class struggle worth the name has virtually ceased to exist inside "first world" societies. On this view, the class struggle now shaping world history is between advanced capitalist countries and a working class located almost entirely in the third world.

In the electoral system, the number of "marginal" seats has halved since the 1950s, and is now at an all-time low. During the early 1990s a major constituency boundary review will further worsen Labour's electoral standing, possibly by as much as 20 to 30 seats, almost all of them accruing to the Conservatives.

Faced by these unpalatable truths, the Labour leadership, their old-left challengers, and most Labour supporters have sought refuge in two prevalent myths about the role the electoral system plays in securing Tory predominance. The first myth is that Labour's problems are of recent standing, the product of short-lived upward shifts in third party support in the mid-1970s and 1980s, together with the treachery of the SDP defectors in 1981. When the impact of these temporary anomalies has worked itself out, normality will be restored in the shape of the Conservative v Labour two-party system decisively established in the 1940s.

The second myth is that, however much the electoral system tilts the scales against Labour at present, the party must be prepared to wait out a period of unpopularity in order to garner the advantages of an overall parliamentary majority for socialism, which only the current system is ever likely to deliver.

In fact, a two-party Conservative v Labour system has never really existed in Britain. At no time since 1918 has Labour succeeded in displacing the Liberals from command of a basic 15 per cent of the national vote. The Liberals themselves artificially created all previous sharp declines in their vote, by entering basically Conservative governments; by not putting up candidates in many seats; and by leadership personality clashes and splits. Through the early 1920s, the Liberals were split into two rival groups. In the 1930s, they joined the Tory-dominated "National Government" and campaigned in only a fifth of seats. In 1945 and 1950, their organisation began to revive, but they failed to win more than 9 per cent of the vote and the number of their candidates slumped throughout the 1950s. Since 1987 the SDP split has been reminiscent of the 1920s squabbles.

In the 20 general elections since 1918, when the three main parties first competed nationwide against each other, average Liberal or Alliance vote has been 13 per cent, with most of their scores spread in the range between 24 and 6 per cent. The top Liberal/Alliance score was 30 per cent (in 1923) and their lowpoint 2.5 per cent (in 1951). Liberal and Alliance perfor-

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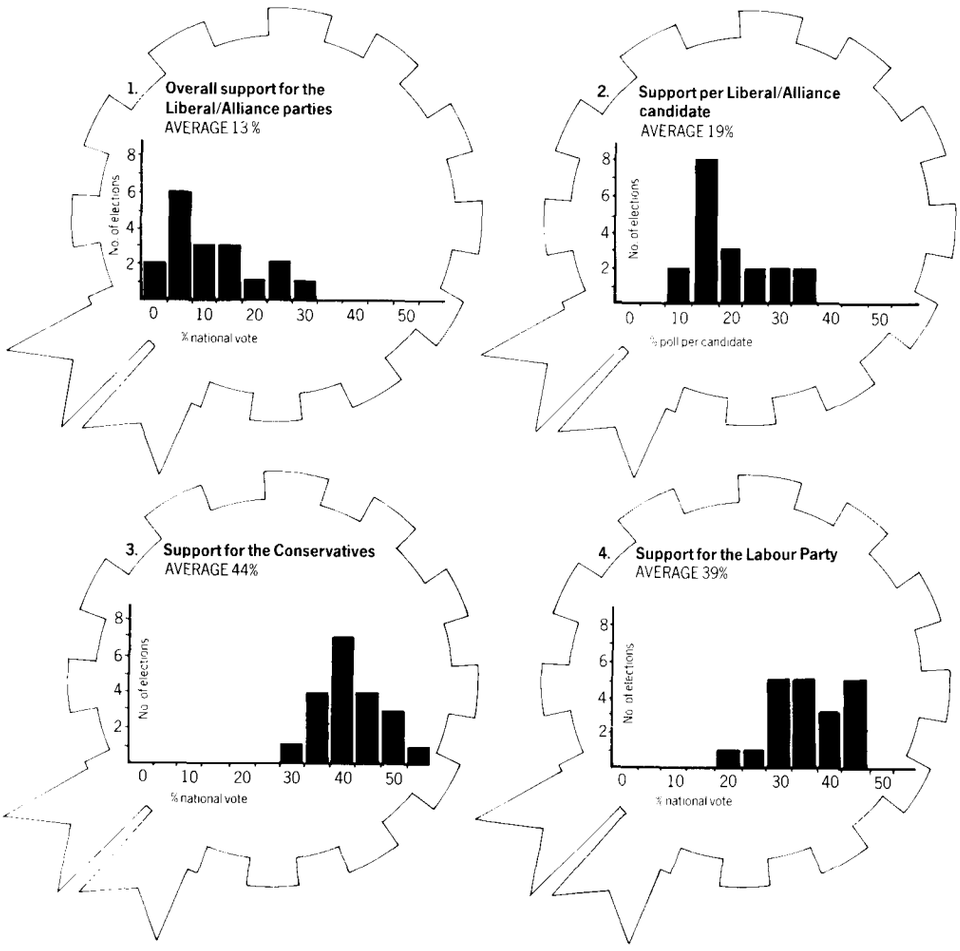
Party support 1918-87



Michael Robinson

mances appear to have two clusters: six of their election scores are in the 5-10 per cent range, and four in the 25-30 per cent range (see above).

However, these figures understate the real, underlying levels of Liberal electoral support because of the party's failure to put forward candidates in most constituencies in the 1930s and 1950s. In 1951, for example, they put up only 109 candidates. If you judge the Liberal or Alliance performance by looking at the *votes per candidate* in the 19 elections from 1922, then a much more stable pattern of support emerges. Looking only at seats where they fielded candidates, the average Liberal/Alliance vote is 19 per cent, with most performances in the range from 27 to 16 per cent. Their top score was 38 per cent and the lowest 12 per cent (in 1950).

What's more, there is a clear plateau in Liberal/Alliance performances, with eight of their election scores being in the 15-20 per cent range. This analysis obviously has implications for the slump in opinion poll support for the merged Liberal Democrats and unmerged SDP since the 1987 election. If they can still field a full slate of candidates in 1991-92, the Liberal Democrats at least are very likely to poll 15 per cent or more of the British vote, however depressed their party morale.

The continuing strength of Liberal or centrist voting since 1918 has damaged Labour and secured for the Conservatives an enviable record of success under the British voting system. It has contributed in no small part to making the Tories among the longest-lived and most successful unified parties of the right in any liberal democracy (see above). Since 1918, the average Conservative vote has been 44 per cent, with most elections in the range of 48 to 38 per cent, a top score of 55 per cent (in 1935) and a low point of 35 per cent. The Conservatives have won secure Commons majorities *eleven* times, in *1922*, 1924, *1931, 1935*, 1951, 1955, 1959, 1970, 1979, 1983, and 1987 (italicised dates were formally coalitions or "National Governments", but were in practice Tory-dominated). The Tories have lost elections only twice by significant majorities, in 1945 and 1966. The Conservatives have never split—instead they have benefited greatly from divisions in the other parties: splits within the Labour party in 1931 and 1979-82, and the Liberals' conflicts.

Labour has fared much less well under "first-past-the-post" elections. In the 20 elections since 1918, the average Labour vote has been 39 per cent, with most performances in a range from 45 to 32 per cent. Labour's top score was 49 per cent, and low point was 28 per cent in 1983 (discounting the 1918 score of 24 per cent when Labour fielded an incomplete slate of candidates). Labour performances have no consistent clustering but are scattered evenly across a range from 45 to 32 per cent. The party has won office only twice with secure majorities, in 1945 and 1966, and gained insecure majorities on three other occasions, 1950, 1964 and October 1974.

Tracing the governmental consequences of these party performances brings us up squarely against the second Labour movement myth, that first-past-the-post at least produces "strong government" and a "clear choice" for British voters. The normal swing of the pendulum will in time produce a Commons majority for distinctively socialist policies, not watered down by electoral deals or coalition bargaining. To test this thesis the table shows the major British parties' records in government from January 1919 up to June 1991 (assuming the present government lasts its minimum term). The Tories have had ministers in office twice as frequently as Labour. But this figure is distorted by the wartime coalition government, and makes no referrence to whether a governing party is ruling alone and has a legislative majority. The fact is that the Conservatives have governed with a secure majority four times more frequently than Labour. Since Labour entered competition on a national level in 1918, it has held majority power for less than one year in every six to the Conservatives' three out of every five. Yet the difference in the overall average vote for both is quite small: 44 per cent for the Conservatives as against 39 per cent for Labour. The conclusion is clear: the current electoral system does overwhelmingly produce strong government—strong *Tory* government!

The British polity is now teetering on the edge of becoming a dominant party system. But it may yet be prevented from moving clearly or irreversibly into this particular future. There still remains a "window of opportunity" which the Labour movement can seize so as to prevent the enormous sapping of democratic possibilities which a permanent Tory majority would represent. But no one should underestimate the scale of the task.

Small-scale changes in Labour's organisation, such as internal reforms to the party's constitution; improvements in Labour campaigning and presentational methods; minor modifications or "toning down" of existing policy stances—none of these can realistically be expected to make any noticeable difference to the party's electoral appeal in 1991-92. Still less is a reaffirmation of the old-left faiths likely to have any positive impact. What is needed is a major strategic initiative, the launching of a new Labour issue, which can rekindle and re-express the party's fundamental commitment to achieving a more just and democratic society.

Jettisoning Labour's current defence of "first-past-the-post" elections in favour of a more

British parties in government, 1919-91

	Conservative	Labour	Liberal
Inc wartime coalition (ie 858 months total)	**months**	**months**	**months**
Months with ministers in govt	611	310	109
% of all months	71	36	13
exc wartime coalition (ie 798 months total)			
Months with ministers in govt	551	247	49
*% of total**	69	31	6
Months as sole government	502	247	0
% of total†	63	31	0
Months with secure majority government	502	127	0
% of total†	63	16	0

* = percentages over 100% because of coalition governments
† = percentages less than 100%

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democratic system of balloting is just such a historic change which could count as an effective response to Labour's long-term problems. Such a policy change would mean that the party is no longer attempting to "bounce" fundamental issues past British voters on, say, 38-40 per cent popular vote. It would establish the party unequivocably as a party of democracy, at the very point when the government's behaviour has made democracy a major issue on which it is most vulnerable.

This switch of attitude can only be achieved when Labour members in the trade unions and constituency parties reappraise the most basic task of socialists as the active defence and enhancement of working-class interests, social equality and non-nuclear defence within a multi-party system. Such a stance does not entail abandoning hope of or commitment to building an active majority for socialist policies. It does require burying the mind-set which believes that if only Labour can "hibernate" through the winter of the new right's onslaught on the welfare state and the institutions of democracy, somehow governmental power will fall to the party without building a genuine popular majority (i.e. something like 50 per cent electoral support).

It also implies a recognition that much previous Labour policy has been "pie-crust socialism", easily made and easily broken, so ungrounded in genuine popular support that any legislative achievements are easily reversed by an ensuing Tory government. ●

Adopting electoral reform as a major plank of Labour policy for the 1990s will also allow the Labour Party to make two vital, immediate tactical advances that could help prevent a fourth Thatcher election victory. First such a move will lay firmly to rest the chronic media smears about the supposed influence of unrepresentative entryist groups inside Labour's ranks. The Tory-inspired "black" propaganda which so persistently denies all legitimacy to the honourable traditions and creative viewpoints of the Labour left (old and new) can be marginalised if the party as a whole reinvigorates its commitment to democratic control.

Second, Labour could gain a key weapon with which to attack and cripple the divided Liberal Democrats and the rump of the SDP. Labour now has a unique opportunity to find some basis for renewing its appeal to the left-of-centre voters who have in the last decade been tempted away into Alliance voting. Such an appeal cannot be made by incanting stale ideas from the 1940s. Nor can it come from watering down socialist principles or ideas, or by fudging Labour's stance on issues such as unilateral nuclear disarmament. Such steps would be quite unconvincing. But a dramatic gesture towards recognising and responding to the accumulated evidence of long-run voter discontent with the current electoral system would be credible enough substantially to change the political scene. It would present the best available chance of effectively mobilising and enlarging the non-Conservative majority against the government.

Nor is it utopian to foresee a period of rapid change in opinion inside the labour movement in favour of electoral reform. The incentives for Labour to change were clear to the 27 constituencies who moved resolutions on electoral reform at the 1987 party conference. The party hierarchy has dammed the flow of support and argument—electoral reform is specifically excluded from the policy reviews, gravely weakening the document on democracy. But the dam could soon burst.

In February 1931, the Labour government of the day passed a bill through all its stages in the Commons, introducing the alternative vote for all parliamentary elections. The Commons divided on party lines, with all Labour's MPs supporting the bill and all the Conservatives opposing it. A few weeks later the Tory majority in the House of Lords crippled the bill by a wrecking amendment, and the government fell over the 1931 currency crisis before the Commons could overturn the Lords' changes. At ensuing elections, as the Liberal organisation crumbled and their national vote slumped, Labour leaders were content to let the issue slip into the background.

The consequences of this 60-year neglect can be charted in the history of the 1980s, a whole decade given over to the destruction of much that Labour governments and the trade union movement so painfully created in the early post-war period. When socialist policies can again be enacted via legislation, the labour movement must ensure that they are not built on the sands of an electoral system which delivers unchecked and disproportionate Conservative predominance in government.

Patrick Dunleavy is Reader in Government at the LSE and co-author of "British Democracy at the Crossroads" (Allen & Unwin, 1985).

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The press gang

Unfair and unrepresentative—Francis Wheen delivers his own verdict on his "trial" at the Press Council with an "addle-brained crew" as judge and jury

A couple of months ago the *Guardian*'s Media Page carried a short feature on the recruitment of lay members to the Press Council. A Council official explained that great care was taken to ensure that these people were representative of the population at large in terms of age, sex, class and so forth.

As I read this I snorted with such violent derision that I was lucky not to choke on my Earl Grey tea. For only a week earlier I had gone to see this very same Press Council for myself at close quarters, and had found an almost unbroken vista of grey-haired men in suits.

A Mr Smith of Furnace Green, Crawley, Sussex, had complained to the Press Council about an article of mine in *Radio Times* which suggested that there was a drugs problem at USAF bases over here (something already confirmed by Congressional inquiries and reams of other evidence) and that some of the airmen at these bases were obsessed by violence, both sexual and martial. I was invited to defend myself against Mr Smith's complaint.

Or, rather, I invited myself. I knew that the Press Council's rules allowed me to turn up in person to say my piece, so I rang the deputy complaints secretary to ask when I could do so. She sounded surprised. "But we had a call only yesterday from *Radio Times* telling us that you didn't want to come and give oral evidence," she said. I hadn't even spoken to the magazine about my plans. Someone at the BBC, apparently, was eager to stop me prolonging the case, and had entered a plea of guilty on my behalf without consulting me. A rum do. Nevertheless, we fixed a date.

When I arrived at the Council's discreet HQ, in a little square off Fleet Street, I was kept waiting outside the boardroom for about ten minutes while my inquisitors consumed their elevenses. I wasn't offered any.

Once the panel had finished refreshing itself I was at last ushered in. If Ladbroke's had offered me odds I would, there and then, have wagered everything I have that the Press Council would uphold Mr Smith's complaint. Of the 13 people who heard my oral evidence, only two were women. Only one might even possibly have been under the age of 40; most of the rest were well over 50, and at least half of them looked 60 or more. And, as became apparent the moment they opened their mouths, all were very middle-class indeed. It was like walking into a meeting of the Crawley Rotary Club.

Though I knew that my fate was sealed, I did assume that the massed ranks of *Telegraph* readers round the table would at least pretend to observe due process in my trial. I was wrong. (Of course I may be wrong, too, in guessing that they were all *Telegraph* readers; most likely some of them prefer the *Daily Mail*.) From the very beginning of the proceedings, I seemed to stand accused straight out of being "anti-American".

Incidentally, though I had introduced myself fully to the councillors when the hearing started, none of them—the chairman included—returned the compliment. I happened to recognise the chairman as Sir Zelman Cowen, a leathery old Establishment crocodile from Australia whose period in charge of the Press Council is, thankfully, almost over. But his lay members remained obstinately and discourteously anonymous, even when asking questions.

Thus I cannot tell you, even now, the name of the old gent, who ordered a flunkey to fetch a dictionary, studied it intently for about quarter of an hour and then let out a harrumph of satisfaction. In my article I had written of a picture that was "parodically exaggerated" (ie, as in a parody). After his rummage in the dictionary the gent turned on me with accusatory glee, as if he had just broken my alibi. There was, he informed me, no such word as "parodically". Not in the Press Council's dictionary, anyway. There was "parody" (noun and verb); and there was "parodical" (adjective). But no adverb. What had I got to say for myself? Adverbial perversion was not part of Mr Smith's complaint against me, but I agreed—with rather heavy-handed sarcasm—that if I really had been caught out using a word that didn't exist then the Council must censure me with all the severity at its disposal. More harrumphs round the table; disapproving ones this times.

Nor, I'm afraid, can I put a name to the even older codger who startled me by suddenly asking: "Mr Wheen, do you belong to Oxfordshire?" My mind raced. Oxfordshire Cricket Club? The county council? Was he, I ventured at last, asking whether I lived in Oxfordshire? "Yes, yes," the codger barked "Are your roots there?"

The man's insistence on knowing how long I had lived in Oxfordshire may have seemed as irrelevant to the Council's deliberations as the adverb nonsense, but there was method in his eccentricity. In my article I had mentioned that I lived near an American airbase (Upper Heyford, though I hadn't said so). He was able to imply that, because I had moved there only a couple of years ago, I was somehow not entitled to an opinion on anything to do with the US Air Force.

This wasn't the only time that my proximity to Upper Heyford was used against me. In the *Radio Times* article I had mentioned Heyford a couple of times—when describing a crime committed by one of the men there, for instance. But I had referred to incidents at Mildenhall and other USAF bases as well. My feature had been about American airbases *in general*.

Yet a week or so before my hearing, Mr Smith of Crawley got in touch with the Press Council to suggest that they should ask the commander of my local base to give evidence against me.

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Without a moment's hesitation, the Council's secretariat then did just that. And the American commander at Upper Heyford, Colonel Graham E. Shirley, seized his opportunity enthusiastically. Only a few hours before I was due to defend myself, he faxed down an urgent letter. My *Radio Times* feature, he advised the Council, was merely "the latest in a series of articles that Mr Wheen has written since 1987 about the USAF in Britain", all of which shared "the same negative condemnations of us, cleverly written and based on rumours, half-truths, innuendos and falsehoods".

"It would appear," the Colonel continued, "that Mr Wheen has something 'personal' against us and uses his not inconsiderable journalistic talents to publicise his case . . . I regard Mr Wheen as a very clever man and talented writer who knows exactly what he is doing."

Too kind, my dear chap: I hope my publishers print the last sentence on my book jackets in future. Gratifying though this was, from the occasional references to it, the letter seemed to have convinced the men in suits that a guilty verdict was not merely desirable but imperative. For I wasn't the only person to be flattered by Colonel Shirley. He thanked the Council profusely and ended with a rousing appeal to their pro-NATO sentiments: "I would hope your organisation could help set the record straight and vindicate the Air Force men and women and their families who serve NATO proudly in your country, and live in harmony with our British neighbours." It was not a question of whether my writing was true or not; it was a question of whose side one was on.

Colonel Shirley took particular exception to my suggestion that there was something phallic about an F-111 tactical strike aircraft. "No one I know of regards the F-111 as a phallic symbol except Mr Wheen," he huffed. "To all of us pilots, the aircraft resembles an Aardvark, and it is so named. We see no sexual connotations in such an aircraft or an animal but evidently Mr Wheen does for his own personal reasons." The people round the table agreed.

My comments about sex had obviously displeased them. How, they demanded to know, could I justify my contention that some airmen harbour violent feelings towards women?

Well, I replied, there was plenty of evidence. I began by citing the case of an airman at Upper Heyford who had made a frenzied attack on his wife, repeatedly stabbing her . . . The chairman cut me short. It didn't count, he said. That wasn't wife-beating but attempted murder.

There seemed little point in wasting any more breath on these goons. But I did have one last card that I wanted to play. I passed round the now-notorious songbook produced by American pilots at Upper Heyford (analysed in *NSS*, 10 June). If anything could shake the men in suits out of their complacency this was it: 52 pages of such delightful ditties as "Heyford's Own Victor Alert Song" ("We'll asshole those fuckers and that's a sure bet/Burn all those Russkies and cover 'em with dirt") and "Ghost Fuckers in the Sky" ("Her tits were all a floppin'/Her cunt ate out with clap/He socked it to her anyway/And gave her ass a slap"). My one hope was that my interrogators' support for Mary Whitehouse might be even greater than their commitment to NATO.

Fat chance. "Mr Wheen," one man said tetchily, looking up from the book's seething pages, "would it surprise you to learn that I have been singing songs of that sort for 45 years?"

Frankly, no.

The Council published its adjudication earlier this month. It upheld the complaint—no surprises there. But I was interested in the reasoning. When writing the *Radio Times* article I had, it seemed, brought to my task "a high degree of subjectivity and some marked prejudices which would not have been out of place in a partisan leading article. They were unfair and misleading in a piece which might have been taken for a documentary account about real US airmen on real airbases". The men who wrote the songbook, the men who attack their wives, the men from British bases who are sent home to the States for drug abuse (more than one every day of the year, according to Pentagon figures)—are all, in the Press Council's existentialism, not "real". For some unexplained reason these spectral figures can appear in leading articles; but anyone trying to sneak them into a feature must be severely censored.

Now and again some well-meaning person argues that what is wrong with the Press Council is its "toothlessness"; it should have the power to punish. After my dealings with it I feel mighty relieved at its lack of molars. I am amused that the Council reproves me for being "unfair" when it is not prepared to conduct its own business with even a semblance of fairness. Why should such an addle-brained crew be entrusted with anything? ●

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Ideal for the job

I can't think why everyone is being so nasty about poor Peter Palumbo, whose appointment to succeed Lord Rees-Mogg as chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain was announced last week. Palumbo seems to me to be the ideal man for the job, and not just because these days "deconstruction" is so much the rage in art and architecture.

After all, it cannot be for nothing—of that we can be sure—that Palumbo has spent so much of his adult life *not* building a Mies van der Rohe tower in the heart of the City of London. But extensive discussion in the press about the absence of the tower has perhaps overshadowed Palumbo's other qualifications for the task in hand. Prominent among them is his achievement, back in 1984, of *not* taking up the post of chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Tate Gallery, despite having it thrust upon him.

Palumbo managed this by the simple expedient of telling the *Sunday Times*, soon after his appointment had been announced, that the policies of Alan Bowness, who was then the Gallery's director, were "dull, turgid, and unimaginative". Bowness, normally the most mild-mannered of men, was not amused. A press release was hastily issued, "Having regard to other commitments, Mr Peter Palumbo has asked his fellow Trustees at the Tate Gallery not to proceed with his appointment. . ."

Palumbo went back to not producing buildings for the Mappin & Webb site in the City. After the Mies tower was finally scotched, he managed not to get an alternative design by James Stirling accepted as well. The burden of these commitments did not prevent him from not persuading Baron von Thyssen to house his collection of paintings permanently in Britain. Palumbo managed to achieve this, despite having secured promises of funding from a reluctant government on a scale which made every cash-starved museum director, up and down the country, green with envy.

Remarkably, Palumbo also found the time to not do much in the world of business either. He is often described in the press as a property developer, but, in fact, he has not built any buildings or developed any property at all—apart from a little basalt croft he erected on one of the six islands he owns in the Hebrides.

Daddy believed in deconstruction, too. Demolition in fact. Palumbo Senior made his money by tearing down fine Georgian and Victorian properties all over London. Although Peter inherited the family firm, currently valued at £69 million, he is also said not to have increased its value very much. Recently, he told the *Observer* that his decision not to join the 1960s property gold-rush "preserved the company during the 1973 crash". What foresight! And in between not doing all this, Palumbo somehow manages actually to be a god-father to Princess Beatrice. What a busy and fulfilling life!

Palumbo takes up his new job and (right) the Mies van der Rohe dream he never built

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Peter Palumbo's appointment as chairman of the Arts Council has provoked fierce criticism. Peter Fuller believes he's a not-able success

There can be no justification for what Lord St John of Fawsley has aptly described as "the bitchy chatter of some members of the arts establishment" concerning Palumbo's appointment. Especially not the kind of chatter which points out that he was not the first choice for the job, not the second, third, fourth, fifth, or sixth either. . . The noble Lords Armstrong, Carrington and Gowrie are among those said to have been offered the job before Palumbo accepted. The truth is that, by the appointment of such a notable figure, the government has once again given a clear indication of its attitude to the arts. I am sure that Palumbo will fulfil all the hopes which we are investing in him: that, at least, shouldn't prove too difficult, even for a man of his talents.

After all, as Palumbo himself has pointed out, a chairman of the Arts Council cannot really work against the grain of government policies, even if he wants to. (And he wouldn't be likely to have got the job if he did). The Council is really a conduit for funds flowing between central government and the arts organisations. (There are exceptions to this, most significantly in the visual arts departments which, until recently, at least, were responsible for the running of galleries, the organisation of exhibitions, and the building of a permanent collection.) And the government clearly looks upon that conduit as something which it would be much better if we could learn to do without; anyone who doubts that should take a glance at what has been going on within the Arts Council in recent years.

Rees-Mogg, the retiring chairman, once said something to the effect that if we were starting all over again, we would be much better off if we didn't have an Arts Council. Not that he's against art. "At its most important," he has written, "art is a way of apprehending God." But these lofty ideals never seem to have dampened his enthusiasm for more worldly aesthetic stimuli. Rees-Mogg once described business subsidies—Mrs Thatcher's final solution to the problem of the arts—as "a selective form of high quality advertising". One can only presume that, once apprehended, God is not offended. Many of those who work for the Arts Council are.

For, during his seven years as chairman, Rees-Mogg has transformed the structure of power within the Council, and fostered a new mood of beleaguered pessimism among the staff. Sir Roy Shaw, a former secretary general, has described how, under Rees-Mogg, there was a "gradual growth of the power of the chairman and the decline of the power of both officers and council members". Unlike the patrician chairmen of the Council's early years, Rees-Mogg did not appear to be acting out of any great love of art; indeed, he seemed to have no higher goal in sight than upping the level of corporate cash—or perhaps the desire to prove to the powers that be that he really was, "one of us".

Shaw was followed as secretary general by Luke Rittner, a young and inexperienced man, of views highly compatible with Rees-Mogg's, and "ours". There is now a deep conviction among many Council officers that appointments have sometimes been made on a political basis, that the "hands-on" principle has been subtly eroded, and that the character of the institution they work for has been irrevocably changed. One chapter in Shaw's book about his time as secretary general is entitled "The Twilight of the Arts Council?"

Architectural Press

The director of the National Gallery compared what was happening to museums to the dissolution of the monasteries in the Reformation

But the art world views all this without surprise. For there is a widespread feeling among those involved in the arts, extending far beyond the spheres of influence of the Arts Council, that the present government has no feeling for, or interest in, aesthetic matters, and no conception of the role they ought to play in national life. The ministers may pop up and down all over the place talking enthusiastically about what business funding can achieve, but at an art historians' conference earlier this year, the director of the National Gallery compared what was happening to the nation's museums—eg, squeezing of resources, deteriorating buidlings, and talk about de-acquisition—to the dissolution of the monasteries at the time of the Reformation. *He* knew what he was talking about.

All this, of course, contrasts sadly with the buoyant enthusiasm and high ideals with which the Arts Council was brought into being 43 years ago, immediately after the war. John Maynard Keynes, the Council's first chairman, went on radio to say: "The purpose of the Arts Council . . . is to create an environment to breed a spirit, to cultivate an opinion, to offer a stimulus to such purpose that the artist and the public can each sustain and live on the other in that union which has occasionally existed in the past at the great ages of a communal civilised life."

It was a dream of course. An impossible dream. But it is a sign of the times that not even a manic fantasist, like Peter Palumbo, would dare to hold out such a vision from the chairman's seat today, not even if he had first hoisted Coca-Cola, Dunhill, and Texaco flags all over the imaginary, wind-swept agora. On second thoughts, perhaps he would . . . I knew there really had to be *some* reason why he got the job. ●

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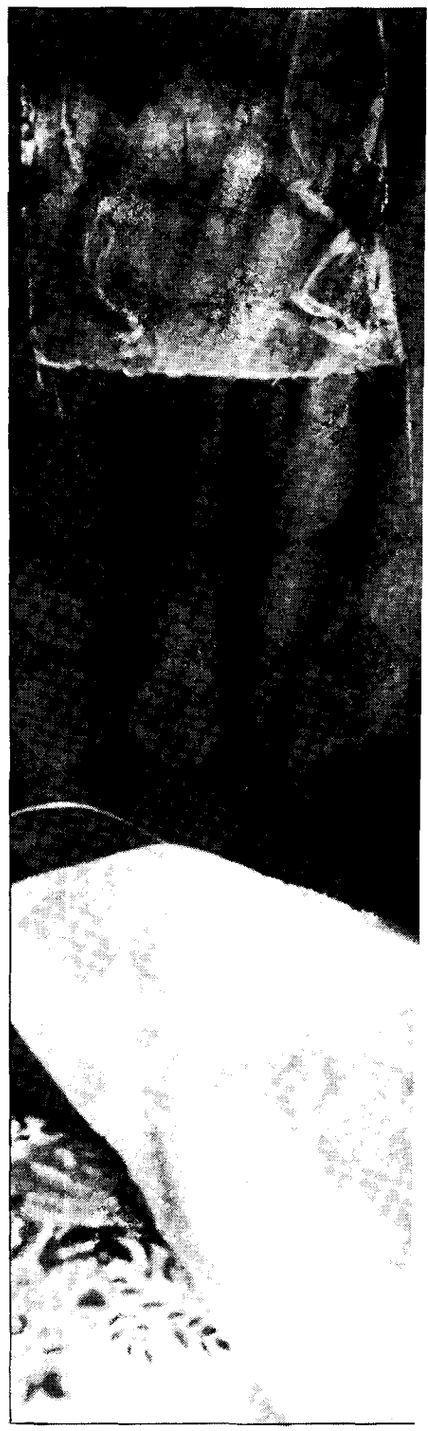
Silence deep as death

While Iraqi soldiers clear away the bodies of gassed Kurds, the trade figures keep Britain silent. Hazhir Teimourian on Iraq's war crimes

Frank Spooner Pictures



Left: the bodies of a mother and child killed after the Iraqis dropped mustard gas on the Kurdish village of Halabja in March. In all, 4,000 died. Above: a mother and her sleeping child, refugees who may not survive the winter

In good times, September in Kurdistan is dominated by the walnut trees. As the long, hot summer afternoons begin to be redeemed by autumn breezes, the dark green of the tall and expansive trees develop tinges of orange on their way to yellow. Then the first of the leaves start to fall and the nuts are shaken off the branches to be stored away for winter, or to be sold. For weeks, the sound of branches being shaken with poplar poles echoes through thousands of valleys in an arc of land stretching some 600 miles from western Iran to northern Syria.

This year, such sounds are scarcely being heard in Iraqi Kurdistan, the part of the Kurds' homeland that was forcibly incorporated by Britain into the Arab state of Iraq at the end of the first world war. Indeed, many valleys this year echo to no human sounds. Their inhabitants are dead or have fled as the result of the first use since Nazi Germany of poisonous gases by a state to annihilate a people. As far as we know, many walnut trees are dead, too. Certainly large numbers of livestock have perished along with their former owners.

The Iraqi army is now busy gathering the bodies and the carcasses for disposal. Any day now, representatives of Iraq's major trading partners will be taken to the area to report to their eager governments that they saw no evidence of the use of gas. Turkey is already doing its duty to safeguard its "national interest"—a loan of $2.4 billion to Baghdad and the prospects of larger contracts soon. Last week, it suppressed the reports of its own military doctors, and announced to the world that it had found no

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Bill Robinson/Reflex

proof that any of the estimated 100,000 refugees who had crossed the international border into its territory bore chemical wounds.

We saw the evidence for ourselves on the arms and faces of some of the refugees, but as a Turkish foreign ministry official in Ankara told my colleague Marie Colvin on Sunday: "If Turkey raises her voice and says Iraq has used chemical weapons, the effect would be doubly difficult for us. Iraq is already upset at Turkey protecting these people and preventing Iraqi forces from hurting them."

Here in western Europe the attitude of governments is mainly one of annoyance with the Kurds for not hiding what is being done to them. At first, there was total silence. Then, under pressure, they came out with the old cliché of "grave concern". The Foreign Office in London even said that it had no plans to raise the issue with the Iraqi government!

There has been total silence from the Archbishop of Canterbury, even though the chances of Terry Waite's release by his pro-Iranian kidnappers in Lebanon would have been improved by an expression of dismay from Lambeth Palace. The Pope has apparently been too busy preparing for his trip to Africa.

The Americans, though, are fortunately too large to care about trade figures with any single Middle Eastern country. Secretary of State George Shultz, clearly referring to intelligence reports from inside Iraq itself, announced that the US government was convinced the Iraqi army had used gas against the Kurdish community. Swiftly, and with few precedents, the Senate passed a bill to impose trade sanctions against Iraq. Jolted by this inconsiderate act, the Foreign Office in London said that it found the American evidence "disturbing and specific", but it still awaited "proof". Now it wants an inquiry.

Asked why, unlike the Americans, it had not sent an expert to Turkey to examine the wounded refugees, it answered that it preferred to work with its Turkish ally! There were rumours that it was, in fact, urging Turkey "not to rush things". Turkey certainly was not in a hurry. In the meantime, evidence was disappearing fast. According to Elizabeth Sigmund, co-ordinator of the British Working Party on Chemical and Biological Weapons, the kind of evidence that persists is a variety of lung infections that can be misinterpreted as mere symptoms of poor health. But the infections go on

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killing the victims because their bone marrows have been destroyed by mustard gas and their bodies cannot fight "even the most minor infections". Dr Sigmund tells me that many of the children among the refugees or those remaining in Iraq, although appearing well now, will probably die in the harsh Kurdish winter ahead.

Who are the Kurds? Where do they come from? Why are they not mindful of other people's trade figures?

They are a people of some 20 million individuals who describe themselves as Kurds, mainly because of the language they are born into. They occupy a contiguous area, roughly half the size of France, in the shape of an arc from the city of Kermanshah (renamed Bakhtaran by the Khomeini regime) in western Iran to the region west of Diyarbakir, the historic cultural capital of Kurdistan, in eastern Turkey.

The Kurds are thought to have migrated to their present mountains from the north some 5,000 years ago. A tribal branch founded the empire of the Medes in 612BC with the capture

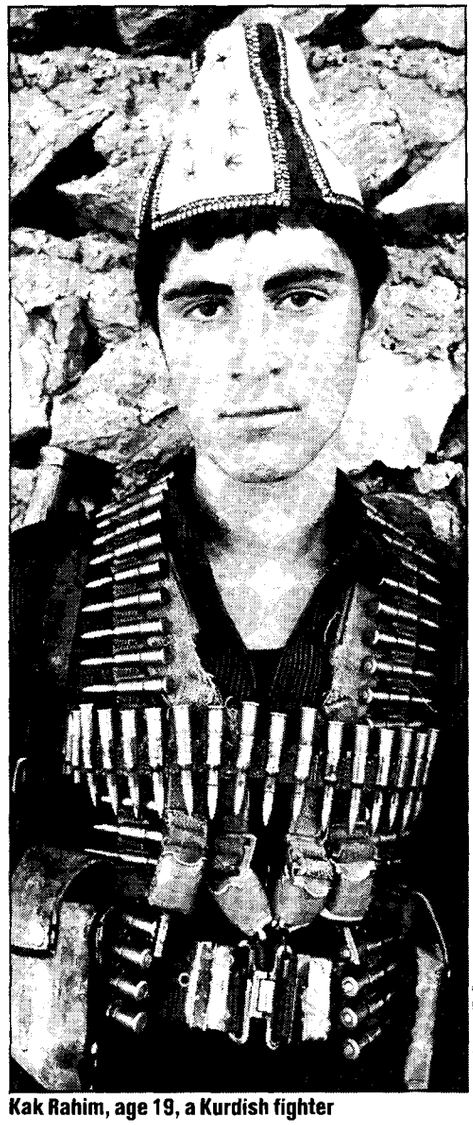
We have been described as "the oppressed of the oppressed"

of Assyria. The empire was later incorporated into that of the Great Kings of Persia, from which time the Kurds have never again united, despite having founded scores of principalities and kingdoms that often fluttered in the wind only for a few decades before going down to some foreign conqueror, such as Tamerlane of the Tatars (from whom I get my surname and, no doubt, some of my blood!).

Their best chance came early this century with the break-up of the Ottoman Empire. The victorious Christian allies promised them an independent state in the treaty of Sevre in 1920, only to go back on their word in 1923 when the rise of the new Bolshevik state in Russia impressed on them the need for a strong anti-communist Turkey. Britain used the Royal Flying Corps to bomb the grandparent generation of today's gas victims to accept Arab domination, promising that the Arabs would respect their separate national identity!

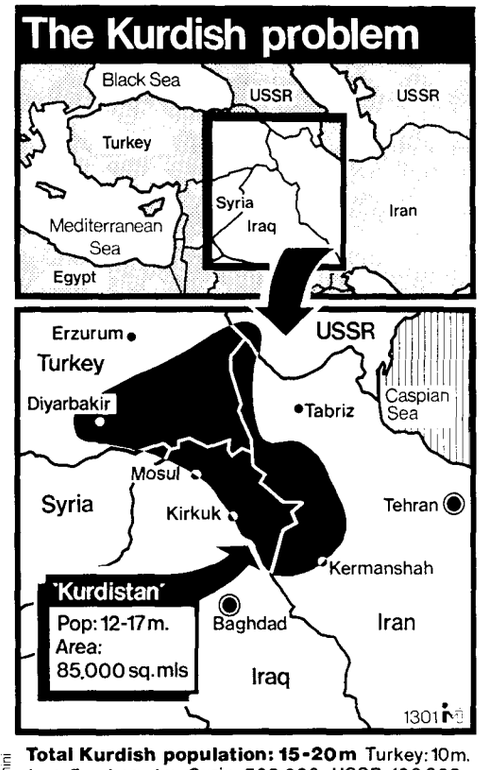
In 1946, Stalin withdrew his protection from a Kurdish republic in Iranian Kurdistan, occupied by his troops in return for the promise of oil exploration rights in northern Iran. The Kurdish leader, Qazi Mohammad, did not flee into the Soviet Union, saying that his oath of office had committed him to staying with his people. The Shah hanged him in a public square in the city of Mahabad. Then, in 1975, the same Iranian monarch suddenly withdrew his aid to his Kurdish allies in Iraq in return for navigation rights in the Shatt el-Arab waterway. Their rebellion of 14 years collapsed without any gains. Furthermore, they came under increased domination from the fiercely nationalistic Arab state of the Socialist Arab Renaissance (Baath) Party.

Today, only a few rural schools still teach Kurdish, and the so-called autonomous Kurdish administration in Iraq is little more than a group



Bill Robinson/Reflex

Kak Rahim, age 19, a Kurdish fighter



Gemini

Total Kurdish population: 15-20m Turkey: 10m. Iran: 5m, Iraq: 4m, Syria: 500,000, USSR: 100,000

of hated informers presiding over such municipal tasks as street cleaning. Iraq *is* the only state in the Middle East that allows the publication of newspapers in Kurdish, but these are nauseating little sheets printing little more than photographs of the chief of the mass murderers in Baghdad and actually praising him for his *Arabic* nationalism.

In Iran, the Kurdish home rule movement that rose to prominence with the Islamic revolution of 1979 has been put down with extreme brutality, even though few instances of the mass execution of Kurds *as such* have been reported. While not allowing the Kurds any cultural freedom, Khomeini does not seem to resent the existence of the five million Kurds in the country.

Nearly half the Kurds live in Turkey. There the very mention of their name remains a legal offence, even though no Kurds are nowadays officially persecuted for speaking their language. An active terrorist movement, the Workers' Party of Kurdistan (PKK), has caused the deaths of many hundreds of Turks and Kurds over the past four years, with the strong military response to it creating even greater resentment among the population. Now that hundreds of thousands of Turkish citizens live in the EEC, the bloodshed may confidently be expected to become a Europe-wide plague in the coming decades.

Where do we go from here? In the long term, there is only one solution: The Kurds are one of the largest minorities in the world still without any national rights. We have been described as "the oppressed of the oppressed", and we have discovered that being ruled by people who were themselves ruled by the wicked western imperialists is no guarantee of freedom. In fact, quite the contrary.

It is manifestly unjust that the homeland of 20 million people—who call themselves by a common name and who clearly wish to be free—should be zigzagged by the frontiers of five states using their brutal armies to forbid contact between its inhabitants. Pressure must be brought upon these states to give a real measure of home rule to the Kurds and relax their frontier controls.

As for the immediate future, pressure on Iraq to stop persecuting its four million Kurdish citizens is not enough. Saddam Hussein, the little psychopath who clearly believes he will get away with emulating his hero, Hitler, must be punished within the powers of the civilised world. All trade with his state must be banned, and his photographs, together with those of the other war criminals of his regime, ought to be posted at every port of entry with the caption "Wanted for Crimes against Humanity". Otherwise, the message will go out that "war criminals" are only those who lose.

In the case of Iraq today, we are no longer talking about the imprisonment of critics. We are talking of war crimes in the league of Nuremburg. Twenty other states in the world have now got chemical weapons. They, too, have minorities.

The punishment of Saddam Hussein is not just something that the world owes to the Kurds. It owes it now to its own future generations. ●

Hazhir Teimourian is a Kurdish journalist with The Times.

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POLITICAL COLUMN

Striking at the heart

The Tories are limbering up for fundamental attacks on the role of the unions

Stephen Howe

Britain's trade unions stand lower in public esteem, in political effectiveness, and in self-confidence than they have done in decades. The signs of this crisis are multiple: falling membership, the most important public schism ever, loss of legal immunities and of influence on government, repeated embarrassments over the union role in Labour Party affairs, and a confused, divisive rejection of the Employment Training scheme.

The unions will soon be facing two new challenges, potentially more devastating to them even than the storms they've encountered already this year. Both are products of the Thatcher government's profound hostility to trade unionism, but both will strike at positions unions have held for so long they've ceased to think about defending them.

The more clearly signalled of the two impending shifts is a ministerial plan to remove the TUC's representatives from public bodies. This was signposted by *The Times* on Monday: Whitehall sources were quoted as intending to abolish the TUC's places on the National Economic Development Council, Equal Opportunities Commission, Health and Safety Executive and a host of less important quangos. It remains just possible that this is a mere threat, intended to push back unions towards co-operation with Employment Training. This week TUC sources, clutching at straws, were floating that suggestion. Far more likely, however, is that we see here the public launch of a long-laid government plan, for which the battle over ET is no more than a welcome excuse. Ever since 1979 the government has been moving to dismantle the institutions of tripartite decision-making. These structures, bringing employers and unions into government through participation in a plethora of regulatory and planning bodies, never, in Britain, amounted to a fully-fledged corporatism, but rather to the less formalised power-sharing which historian Keith Middlemas dubbed "corporate bias". Nonetheless, they symbolised and cemented the unions' place in national life.

Thatcherism never hid its hostility to that model of the state, and has already destroyed large parts of it. The most radical Thatcherites would like to see the remainder, including all surviving regulatory bodies, consigned to the dustbin of history. A combination of quiet good sense among the less wild-eyed ministers and sheer institutional inertia has prevented anything quite so drastic being attempted. Even those Conservatives who want to see bodies like the EOC and NEDC survive, all the same, no longer believe that unions should have guaranteed places on them. The implied equality of status between employers and employees which such tripartite arrangements sanction has always been distasteful to the Conservative mind. With the unions so weak as they now are, there's little further reason to tolerate it.

Possession of political influence has been important to the unions both practically and in terms of self-esteem. Yet it counts for less with them than does power in the workplace. Indeed it depends on that power: such political clout as unions have had rested in the last analysis on the capacity to disrupt the economy. Political power was an expression of the strength which the collective bargaining system gave union leaders. Alarming though the loss of a formal political role would be to union bosses, it would not strike right at the heart of their reason to exist. What would do that is a major assault on collective bargaining itself. The government has so far flown only the most tentative of kites in this field, but there are good reasons to suspect that the next stage in the great campaign against collectivism will be in employment.

A major assault on the institution of collective bargaining itself

Such a change would be a natural extension of the individualist worldview which—however mixed with a growing undercurrent of concern about social cohesion—has formed the unifying thrust of the government's third-term agenda. The world of work has been the most resistant to this pseudo-liberation. Collective bargaining has been the centrepiece of British industrial relations, its hegemony taken for granted by almost all those involved. The unions' lack of interest in industrial democracy stemmed largely from the belief that it was a very inferior substitute for the power which the collective bargaining process gave to employees.

Until recently, no one outside the extreme-right libertarian fringe suggested seriously that collectivism in industrial relations could be challenged. The shift in power within the labour market which the government has engineered, removing the "rigidities" that Conservative economists blamed for inflation and slow growth, has taken place *within* the collectivist framework: by successive Employment Acts and, more potently, the salutary discipline of mass unemployment. Managers as well as unions had a strong vested interest in the collective system, if only because it made their jobs simpler. Only now is the idea of a wholesale move towards purely individual contracts between workers and employers thought to be one whose hour is about to strike.

Influential pressure groups—above all the Institute of Directors which has been pushing the idea since early 1985—now have the abolition of collective bargaining at the very top of the agenda they're pressing on government. Many smaller and newer firms, especially in high-tech sectors, already operate an entirely individually-based contract and salary system. Obviously, there are limits to what government could do in this sphere: one can't legislate to abolish collective bargaining as such. It can, though, offer a wide range of incentives to firms which move in that direction; it can remove the remaining state regulations which stand in the way; it can "set an example" in the public sector. There are signs that some ministers are keen to do all this. On 14 June, addressing a Confederation of British Industries conference, Employment Secretary Norman Fowler suggested as much. He said that: "the individual will want to negotiate his (*sic*) own terms and conditions of employment...He will want his pay to reflect his own skills, efforts and capacities, not the outcome of some distant negotiation between employers and trade unions...Employers must be prepared to negotiate directly with their employees."

In a post-collectivist employment world like that, there would be no more room for Eric Hammond's version of trade unionism than for John Edmonds's or Arthur Scargill's. Why should employers bother with single-union deals when they can live without any collective deals at all? The only possible role for the unions would be as friendly societies, selling insurance and pension plans to their members. Unless they are prepared quietly to accept such a drastically reduced place in national life, unions must start planning now their response to the coming attack on collective bargaining.

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LETTERS

A denial of citizenship

Your editorial ("The dogs of war", 2 September) in advocating surrender to the IRA travesties the notions of self-determination, citizenship and indeed politics which you profess. More Catholics in Northern Ireland wish to vote for the Labour Party than desire a united Ireland, and participation in British party politics is the sole political means which unites majorities of both Catholics (59 per cent) and Protestants (65 per cent) in the province, all residents of which have been deprived of genuine citizenship since 1920. Giving politics a chance means giving them the right to vote for or against the British parties of state, which still collude to deny that right.

B R Cosin
London NW3

Misunderstanding nationalism

Bob Rowthorn and Naomi Wayne's rebuttal ("Getting out", 9 September) of the arguments against British withdrawal from Northern Ireland is flawed by one basic problem: a complete misunderstanding of the nature of nationalism.

They assume that the main reason for Unionist opposition to a "reunification" (sic) of Ireland is economic or religious, and not a nationalist feeling as strong as that of the Catholic community which identifies more with Irish nationalism than Britain.

Since they so miss the point, their arguments about economic subventions and religious change in the Republic lose their relevance—although the improvement of the economic situation, an improved recognition of the dual nationalism in the region and improved social policy North and South of the border are all vital.

The idea that the border created in 1920 is "artificial" may be true, but then there are few non-artificial borders in the world. Islands don't always have to be single entities: when they are forced to pretend they are (as in Sri Lanka or Cyprus) there are often long and very bloody conflicts. And I don't fancy the chances for Scottish nationalists relying on the underlying assumptions of Rowthorn and Wayne.

In the real world, both Britain and Ireland need to work together much more to provide a political solution to the stalemate in the North. Such a solution cannot be introduced by assuming that unionism is purely derived from economic greed while republicanism remains spiritually pure.

Thankfully, even the once ultra-nationalist Charles Haughey has advanced well beyond that belief now—as have the vast majority of people in the Republic.

Conor Ryan
Surrey

Implementing sanctions

I found the article by Bob Rowthorn and Naomi Wayne on the use of economic sanctions stimulating and convincing so far as it went. But sadly it didn't go far enough. Could you now get them to tell us exactly what form these sanctions would take, how they would be deployed, and how they could be targeted solely on potential rebels rather than on the population at large?

Katrina Root
London SE2

A sick joke

If you'd really wanted to convince the Protestant community in Northern Ireland that "re-unification" wasn't undesirable, you wouldn't have put your front-page title, "Troops out" in orange. It's a sick joke which makes you look very green.

Paul Cohen
Bristol

Editor's note: Two typographical errors crept into the article. First, the estimate of the current cost of the British presence in Northern Ireland was £1,735 million, not £2,700; and "large-scale Protestant state" should have read "large-scale rebellion".

Postman Pat

It seems that the Post Office had pre-planned its action against its workers. Certainly, in this area it informed the casual workers two days before the 24-hour strike stoppage that they'd be needed. So maybe this was meant to be another depressing chapter in escalating the privatisation of nationalised industries. As usual, its been done in a brutal media stomping way: "Iron Lady Kicks Postman Pat in the Groin".

But this strike has many more consequences than political analysts have considered. I used to work as a despatch rider and would often joke that if we ever went on strike, we would bring the City to a halt. That was never realistic because so little business relied upon the service, yet even with the wonders of IT and electronic mail, new communications have not yet made utopian capitalism a reality. They still need Postman Pat. So the stoppage, when backed sympathetically by the TUC, could have a massive significance. Perhaps the unions aren't quite on their deathbed yet.

N Ripley
Coventry

Consuming needs

I would like to comment on Ursula Huws' piece "Consuming fashions" (19 August).

First, it is emphatically not true that all surveys show an increase in domestic work time, meaning that domestic appliances create more work. This is a myth that has been put around ever since Ann Oakley cited an American study which apparently showed that postwar women did more housework than their prewar counterparts. Survey data actually shows a decrease in women's housework time over the postwar boom period: see the *Quarterly Journal of Social Affairs* 1986 (vol 2 no 1). Men's housework time is actually increasing, though sexual equality is decades away on current trends. Jay Gershuny at Bath has put together similar data for numerous Western countries: in all cases household work time decreases with the use of new technology.

So people aren't just conned into buying new equipment, but choose it (when they have the money) because its cheaper, labour-saving, and/or more convenient than services. This means that Ursula's strategy for consumption, with which I have much sympathy, has to take in to account new consumer goods that are being developed, because while there are plenty of gimmicks and toys emerging, many of these new goods will be bound to find an enthusiastic response.

Ian Miles
Social Policy Research Unit

Stand by your man

I was disappointed to see that your long overdue piece ("A life sentence," 26 August) on the risibly-named "community care" was yet another "Thatcher's Britain" kneejerk. While it is true that this government are the first with the stupidity to put this plan into action, the *theory* is a socialist one. The works of Jeremy Seabrook in particular harp incessantly on the theme of some pre-industrial socialist Utopia where everyone looked after everyone and no one was put in a nasty situation.

Unfortunately, this Utopia was and always will be manned by an army of female slaves. Yes, we do have the Tories to blame for putting "community care" into practice. But the left should not ignore its own sexist contribution to the myth of its desirability—a *Stand By Your Man* tendency which goes all the way up to the sickeningly conventional relationship of your leader and his lovely wife, and which you must dispose of as quickly as possible if you ever hope to capture the vote of modern women.

Julie Burchill
London N1

The editor writes: Helen Chappell's article doesn't deny the principle of community care, but shows in moving detail just how exploitative the practice is. Being a modern woman, she doesn't need a lecture about the sexism implicit in that practice; and Neil Kinnock is neither her leader nor ours.

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Beached bodies

Ann Oakley

The sea and the sky are merged in a delicate silver haze, and blue and white sails weave themselves across it like butterflies. In the foreground, an occasional rowing boat interposes a different motion; and nearer even than that careful waves lap the orange pebbled beach. Seagulls flap and screech authentically above our heads.

Thus described, the marine idyll seems enviable enough. But this is Brighton beach on a hot August Sunday and I've left out the people. There are, of course, far more people than anyone would care to mention—people in their thousands, squashed into deckchairs, mixed with the pebbles, screeching somewhat less pleasantly than the seagulls in the cold sandy water, crammed into cafes, falling off walls, leaning over and under things, threatening in every possible way entirely to blot out or overcome their environment. The only other scene this reminds me of is the streets of Bejing, where I once ventured jetlagged in the very early morning, to find myself propelled through the streets by thousands of busy blue-uniformed Chinese. But there the parallel ends; for the Chinese were a great deal more organised and less intrusive than the population of Brighton Beach. Would I sound like my mother if I complained about the litter? The junkyard of Coca-Cola cans and general detritus, including, *a la* Aids, more than an odd condom or two left for the sea to claim, is unquestionably obscene.

I wonder why people do it—what motives they could possibly have. My attitudes to this littered panorama are a confused composite of Victorian values and uncritical hedonism. I can sit in my rented deckchair squinting at the sun and pretend I'm not rereading Barbara Wootton's *In a World I Never Made*. The various walkpersons around me are merely the background noise of the galaxy—nothing to be concerned about; and the two year old who shovels stones in my lap has not already been despoiled by her culture into believing she must hide her infant nipples from view in a pristine white bikini. (When she's 20, and asked if she wants to breastfeed, this memory may be responsible for a certain understandable reluctance to go public on her part.) I tell myself I am in the midst of human life, and there is surely no finer place to be than that.

Yet, after a while, that dreadful internal didactic voice starts up again. Why do people have to behave like this? Why can't they consider other people's sensibilities, not to mention those of the environment? The beach is suddenly full of Beryl Reid ladies, indeed there is at this moment down by the sea's edge one absolutely enormous woman, so fat she can hardly walk, with an absolutely tiny child clinging like a miniature limpet to the side of her shiny bright blue bathing costume. How hard is it to be as fat as that? Is obesity really due to some uncontrollable physiological disturbance? I pull in my stomach muscles and resolve never to eat chocolate again.

I read an article recently which is relevant to all this, entitled "Decreased Mortality among Male Prisoners". It reports that mortality from all causes among French men in prison is considerably lower than it ought to be. This study didn't include female prisoners, because there were said to be too few of them. But it reminded me of another paper which argued that, reproductively speaking, women also do better in prison—they give birth to heavier babies there than they would outside prison.

The young like to take risks and laugh; and wholemeal bread has never been very funny

There are, I think, some interesting morals to be derived here. Institutionalisation, as those of us reared on Goffman know all too well, isn't good for people. Sending their identities home with their clothes in suitcases, being treated as numbers according to rules (rather more than is usual the rest of the time) makes people forget who they are. But institutionalisation does seem to be good for people's health, in the particular sense of improving bodily functioning.

Why should this be? What does it mean? The authors of the article about male prisoners seem a little perplexed by their findings. But they suggest that the increased survival is due to aspects of prison lifestyle which somehow counteract the hazards of the normal prisoner's smoking and drinking behaviour. The latter habits are restricted in prison anyway; but perhaps there is also less stress, and prisons may serve as a haven from the heartless world which caused all these problems in the first place. For the female prisoners bearing heavier babies, a more mechanistic explanation is put forward: prison forces them to eat better, rest more and smoke less. It would seem, therefore, that imprisonment is a perfectly good answer to the question of how to get people to put their health first.

Which is demonstrably what people on Brighton beach were *not* doing. On the other hand, they were enjoying themselves. They were after quality not quantity.

As for the Chinese, well, that's not a simple case at all. The gigantic achievements in primary health care and the health status of the population, that have been gained within the space of a generation in China, have had more than a flavour of imprisonment about them. In the reproductive arena, in particular, the penalties of having more than a one-child family have sometimes undoubtedly included death.

It's a very puzzling question, this one about whether we really want to be healthy or not. A great deal of evidence shows that, given the choice, many people do have other priorities. Young people, for example, want to differentiate themselves from their parents, and if their parents are health freaks then they probably won't be. Young people also like to take risks, get on with their friends, and have a laugh; and wholemeal bread has never been particularly funny. In a children's clothes shop recently, ogling baby clothes for a pregnant friend, I came upon a vest for a newborn inscribed with the words "teddy brushes his teeth every night". Well, since teddy doesn't do that and newborns can't read anyway, I'm not surprised that health-wise our culture has some pretty peculiar quirks.

My Victorian values and live-in-the-present hedonism continue to fight, figuratively speaking, amidst the bent Coca-Cola cans on Brighton beach. It's not class, because there were quite a lot of different classes there; perhaps it's something to do with the enforced animate proximity to other people's functioning bodies.

In the Hubei province of China there exists a hitherto unknown primate—neither human nor bear nor ape, according to the Chinese experts who've studied its sightings. The animal is tall, completely covered in red hair, has never been captured, and is said to have two other striking characteristics: it can run very quickly and it can laugh. Prisoners and inhabitants of Brighton beach please note: provided you can do both these things, you probably don't need to worry.

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The multiplier effect

Social security fraud squads use dubious methods to track down their victims. Even so, they exaggerate the extent of abuse, reports Steve Briggs

During a recent "insider dealing" trial in London, one of the defendants, a 23-year-old man from Kingston on Thames (subsequently jailed for ten years for having made use of privileged information to make a personal fortune of £500,000), alleged that during his interrogation he was threatened, "If you don't admit your guilt, I'll screw your pelvis to a cakestand."

Perhaps you didn't see the reports in the press. That would hardly be surprising because there weren't any. The trial and sentence did not take place, but, according to the Civil and Public Services Association, that threat was made by a social security fraud investigator to a claimant then resident in Birmingham.

Those who defraud the Inland Revenue, if they are caught by the ever shrinking posse of tax fraud investigators, can expect to escape prosecution, or in the unlikely event that they are taken to court, can expect no more than a ticking off from the judge and a fine. There are, of course, exceptions. Three unfortunates who offended in different ways—Lester Piggott, Ernest Saunders and ex Tory MP Keith Best—spring to mind as exemplifying what happens to prominent offenders who are ditched by their peers.

The sums of money obtained by social security fraud are minimal compared to the vast fortunes stolen from the public purse and fellow speculators by the wealthy and powerful in our society.

But the army of fraud investigators has continued to grow. The Department of Employment and Social Security each have their own investigators who are organised at both regional and local level. In the DE there are Claimant Investigators, (CI), Sector Fraud Teams, (SFT), and Area Fraud Teams (AFT). In DSS there are Special Investigators (SI) and Benefit Fraud Teams (BFT). The regional teams which preceded them were called Regional Benefit Investigation Teams (RBIT) and Specialist Claims Control (SCC) respectively.

Sophie Grillet

Perhaps it was their rapid dubbing RABBITS and SCUM by claimants organisations that caused the DE and DSS to rename their snooper squads. But despite the changes of name, it is apparent that their investigation techniques have changed little.

When the Tories came to power in 1979 there were just over 2,300 fraud investigators employed by the DSS. That figure altered little until 1986, when a decision was taken to employ an extra 500 fraud staff, of whom 320 were attached to the 31 regionally based, Benefit Fraud Teams.

In August this year, it was discovered that for the first time DSS fraud investigators had been given targets to reach. The DSS first denied that there were any targets, then denied that the figures issued to fraud staff should be regarded as targets, though there was no explanation of what the figures were if they weren't benchmarks to be aimed for.

It has also been recently discovered that DSS and DE fraud staff enjoy a close relationship with the police in most areas of the country. In some areas DE and DSS investigators have the same access as police officers to information about vehicle owners. Within seconds of telephoning a request to police headquarters for information about a vehicle they are told who owns it and where s/he lives.

Both the police and the DSS/DE deny that any more information is made available, but civil libertarians point out that it is short step from establishing a relationship such as that which is admitted, to establishing an arrangement whereby much more confidential information might be made available.

And it has also emerged that the police enjoy the co-operation of the DE in tracking down people they want to arrest. Although DE staff are only supposed to provide details of claimants and when they are next due to come to the office to register, in cases of suspected serious crime, civil service trade unionists claim that this kind of information is regularly supplied to the police with no questions asked. Hapless claimants who have been arrested whilst signing on are eloquent testimony that this happens much more often than is officially admitted.

The DE/DSS are also worried about how their fraud staff behave. Confidential circulars highlight concerns felt by departmental management. DSS circular FIG 21 issued during the lifetime of the SCC reads, "We want you to be effective and get results. But these results must be achieved in ways which are consistent with the administration of a major social service . . . Firm measures against fraud must not result in the unacceptable treatment of perfectly honet people."

In selecting cases for investigation the same circular suggests that criteria should include evidence of a "suspiciously high standard of living" and "signs of a man's presence".

An indication of the kind of misbehaviour that the departments managements are worried about is given in the instructions to officers of what not to do. FIG 21 reads,

"The following methods should not be used: a. telling lies to try to trap the claimant . . . iii) representing yourself falsely as being from another public authority or trying to gain the claimants confidence by claiming, falsely or otherwise, to be a single parent; c. offering an amnesty by implying that if fraud is admitted no more will be heard of it; d. stopping the claimants benefit."

The only reason that such instructions were issued was because fraud investigators had been caught doing precisely those things in the past.

The example of the claimant who was threatened with having his pelvis screwed to a cakestand is only one of many that have been documented by the CPSA.

Other threats often focus on imprisonment and sexual activity. Single women have been told, "If you want a boyfriend, stop claiming benefit," and conversely, "Is there something wrong with you? Don't you want a sex life?"

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But a more recent DE circular, FC 24, issued earlier this year, seems to encourage lying by investigators. It says, in the context of investigating firms that are suspected of employing people who are also claiming benefits, "The Head Office can be contacted on the 'understanding' that the investigator is a potential client and asked for the name and address of the local representative."

In a cynical attempt to justify the creation of small armies of snoopers the two departments are always quick to trot out the sums that they claim such activity has saved the public purse. It is, by its nature, impossible to provide more than a rough guess of how much money is fraudulently claimed each year.

There is, however, no dispute that far more goes unclaimed than is wrongfully obtained.

When the DSS and DE announce how much money their fraud investigators have saved the nation, they do not explain how they arrive at the figure. They do it like this: every claim that is either extinguished altogether or reduced following a fraud interview or even following the visit of a roving snooper team to an area is described as a "Weekly Benefit Saving", (WBS).

The DSS then multiply this figure by 32 and the DE by 26, to arrive at the total amount claimed to be saved on that claim. They do this because they maintain that this is the average amount of time that a claim could have been expected to continue with snooper intervention. Why the DE and the DSS use different multipliers is not clear.

The DSS used to use a 52-week multiplier until specially commissioned research suggested that the figure was far too high. DSS and DE trade unionists maintain that a realistic figure would be two to four weeks and also that a large percentage of the claimed savings result from honest rather than dishonest activities on the part of claimants. Many claimants who leave the register whilst a snooper team is in an area are taking up jobs, but unless that is crystal clear, the money they stop claiming is likely to be multiplied up and claimed as a fraud saving.

A married man with two children would be entitled to in the region of £60 per week from the DSS. If he stopped claiming that £60 would be multiplied up to produce a "saving" of more than £2,000, or roughly one fifth of the snoopers' annual income. It takes little imagination to see how the claimed savings mount up, to see how an innocent acceptance of a job offer can be used to justify the continued employment of snoopers and to see that the real fraud is perpetrated by the departments concerned who allow this to happen.

Benefit worries for claimants and charities

Charities and voluntary organisations are finding it hard to cope with the flood of inquiries following the introduction of the Social Fund says Stephen Johnson

Mrs Lesley Bradley lives in Middlesbrough, is married and has three children aged between nine and 14. Although one child frequently wets the bed, Mrs Bradley was recently refused a grant of £200 for a washing machine, a new mattress and sheets.

The refusal was not explained, but Mrs Bradley was told she could have a loan of £110 which would be repayable at £9 per week from her husband's unemployment benefit—something the family is finding very difficult. Since April the Bradleys have also had to pay 20 per cent of their rates as well as their water bill. As if that was not enough, four months ago an appeal tribunal turned down Mrs Bradley's claim for a laundry allowance, refused because the house contained hot water and she was told she could do all her washing at home.

A payment for bed sheets for herself was given only after she obtained a doctor's certificate proving she was allergic to dust and bed-mites (she is a chronic asthmatic), but sheets for her children were refused. She said "I was told I didn't need sheets for my boys because I had central heating which they said could be left on all night long." It seemed the tribunal "overlooked" the fact heating costs would have to paid out of unemployment benefit.

Despite government admissions that there would be both winners and losers resulting from last April's benefit changes and the introduction of the Social Fund, many welfare advisers and voluntary and charity groups have noticed a significant increase in the number of people seeking help and advice over financial difficulties. Several run crisis hotlines for troubled claimants and have compiled dossiers of real-life "horror stories".

One group of academics and welfare campaigners has begun analysing the effects of the benefit changes and hopes to release its findings this autumn. They have discovered a "tremendous regional variation" in benefit take-up rate since April, although the national rate remains low. John Stuart at Lancaster University explains that "people have been put off applying after April either because they thought they would not be entitled to benefits or thought the benefits no longer existed. Just because the social security offices were not inundated with benefit applicants does not mean that there are no new people in need."

Charities and voluntary welfare groups are quick to respond to this fact and many are compiling information on the increasing numbers suffering financial hardship. Stephen Covill, housing adviser at Catholic Housing Aid Society, stated that "there has been a significant increase in the number of people who now find themselves in a situation they have never been in before".

Many groups are angry at the "indifferent" attitude of the government towards benefit claimants, who they feel have been made worse off since April. Even those who claimed single payments before April and continue to receive them will soon see the real cash value of the benefits drop. Bob Morley, director of the Family Welfare Association, says "Whatever ministers say about the majority of people being better off since the social security changes, our experience is that this is not the case."

Despite the prime minister's well publicised comments calling on the well-off to contribute to charities following the tax changes in the last Budget, any new money seems likely to go to medical causes or famine relief abroad rather than general welfare charities. Charities are forced to compete publicly with one another for resources. Groups such as Family Welfare cannot afford expensive marketing techniques to attract funds and therefore receive less than some of the other big charities. Their concerns are not so popular and don't attract the same amount of public attention.

Among those badly affected by the benefit changes are young people. Government rule changes affecting homeless people in hostel accommodation have made it almost impossible for charities to help properly.

Schemes such as Dr Barnado's "Leaving Home" project, which seeks to help young people to lead independent lives away from home, have been hit by the social security reforms. Joanne Rule at Dr Barnado's gives the example of a 17-year-old boy in the north-east who was unable to move into a new flat "because he was unable to afford any furniture at all and was refused help from the social security".

Many welfare groups find it ironic that the reforms have undermined their stated moral basis of encouraging people away from being too dependent on the state. The government appears to be enhancing dependency—but on the voluntary sector rather than on the state. As Stephen Covill of CHAS commented: "People are now increasingly dependent on charitable giving."

From this September young people aged 16-17 will no longer be entitled to claim benefits in their own right. This will compel them either to continue in education, work or obtain a training scheme place and continue living at home.

"Many welfare groups find it ironic that the reforms have undermined their stated moral basis of encouraging people away from being too dependent on the state"

Many charities and voluntary groups are becoming increasingly concerned at the attitudes of social security officials in dealing with claimants problems. If an application for a "community care" grant is refused the officials might offer a loan which is repayable through deductions from other benefits (eg unemployment benefit). If a loan is refused, any appeal must be lodged within 28 days. If refused, the claim cannot be considered again for another six months. Welfare groups point out that loans are not awarded on the basis of personal need but on the claimant's ability to pay back the loan.

The strictness of the new regime is already showing up in the take-up figures for community care grants. A total of £5,299,864 was awarded between April and July, compared with a forecast budget of £17,262,412. Social fund loans of £25,934,478 were also far below the forecast budget of £40,559,906, but (as Tony

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Lynes shows in *Welfare watch*) many offices already face a problem of overspending on loans, which will force them to turn down applications even where there is a recognised need.

Several welfare groups believe many social security offices have been "under-awarding" benefits to try and make their allocated budget last longer. The Welfare Rights Service in Cleveland has evidence that DSS officials have been refusing community care grants to people who really should have received them and offering them loans instead. For many people the idea of taking on a loan, while appearing the only alternative, may still be unaffordable as repayments have to come out of benefits. Gary Craig, a researcher at Bradford University, is certain that many people are having to cope without essential items such as fridges, beds, mattresses and even proper clothing. Taking out a loan, he says, is "a system based on short-term gain for long-term hardship".

Next year's social fund allocations will be based on this year's benefit take-up rate which is expected slowly to increase as more people understand the new system. "The government will be able to say that there is no justification for an increase in next year's budget because not enough people claimed this year," says Gary Craig.

WELFARE WATCH

Social Fund loans are running well ahead of budget, if you can believe the figures

If the latest social fund figures for July mean anything at all, they confirm that the fund is heading for disaster on two fronts: loans and grants. Despite a slow start, loans from many individual local offices for the four months April-July exceeded the proportion of their annual budget allocated for that period. The over-lenders include offices in Sheffield, Leeds, Nottingham, Wolverhampton, Cardiff, Stirling and (top of the league) Preston North with a 57 per cent excess. To get through the year without running out of money for loans, they will either have to refuse all but the most urgent applications or make much wider use of their discretion to make non-repayable community care grants (CCGs) for beds, cookers, winter clothes and other needs.

Spending on CCG's remains far below local office budgets. Over the whole country, out of the £60m allocated for 1988-9, less than 9 per cent (£5.3m) had been spent in nearly four months. There are wide variations between offices. Only five had spent more than a quarter of their annual CCG budget—Newbury and Sutton in the south, Bridlington in the north-east and Cowdenbeath and Galashiels in Scotland. At the other extreme, Canning Town and Neasden in London, Epsom and Penzance had spent less than 1 per cent, while Coventry West, Stevenage and Harrow were below 2 per cent.

But is it safe to use these figures? After admitting that the last lot of figures, for June, had been badly chewed up by the computer—as a result of which this column got mildly chewed for using them by Saul Becker and his pals at Nottingham University (see *Letters* 26 August), the DSS promised to sort out the muddle before the July figures appeared.

The July figures turned up in the House of Commons Library last week, with a warning that, because of corrections of previous computer errors, some of the unspent balances at the end of July are "anomalous compared with earlier tables".

Fair enough. If the July expenditure figures are right but the June balances were wrong, you don't need to be a DSS statistician to realise that, by deducting one from the other, you will not arrive at the end-of-July balances. What the note does not mention—but the DSS has now admitted—is that the July payment figures are as far removed from reality as the computer-chewed figures for the previous three months.

In fact, the DSS does not know how much was spent in July. The expenditure figures were produced by taking the total spent in the four months April-July and deducting the April-June figures, computer errors and all. The results, a DSS official told me, "are not in the main wildly corrupt". This is not reassuring.

We are left with one set of figures not actually known to be wrong: the unspent balances at each local office at the end of July, from which the examples given above were calculated. It will not be surprising if more errors are discovered but if these figures, too, turn out to be badly wrong, some searching questions will need to be asked about the control of public funds in the DSS offices.
Tony Lynes

Offensive weapons

Considering what is on show, the atmosphere at the International Police Exhibition and Conference seemed normal enough.

This week the Barbican Centre was full of the sort of people you would get at an exhibition of plumbing ware—salesman in smart suits and easy smiles, and blonde assistants of uncertain function wearing sashes and forceful perfume. The potential customers were white, male, and taller than average.

Nobody seemed ill at ease with the exhibits, many of which were the kind of equipment on offer at the British army equipment exhibition.

Set up on one stand was the Cochrane Mobile Barrier. It does 140 metres in 15 seconds, and it's the sort of thing you might see in the Olympics—outside the stadia.

Made up from three coils of razor wire, two on the bottom, one on top, it can be released from a trailer to provide instant crowd control.

Using a synth-pop soundtrack and a reassuring voice-over, a video on the stand showed how the razor wire can tear cloth to shreds, so customers could imagine what it could do with human skin.

The salesman told me it was doing well in places like Chile and Peru, and especially in Taiwan where it was used to deal with students.

The brochure points out "once surrounded, the aggressive crowd assumes a more passive character, more receptive to peaceful negotiation". I was attracted to the boots on the Frank Thomas stand. They look like attractive black leather baseball boots. But of course they were special. They were riot boots, with protected toecaps, steel inserts in the soles and padded ankles.

They seemed not a bad buy for £30, but when he saw my press ID, the salesman snatched back his pamphlets saying, "we don't want any publicity—we have already been threatened by the IRA twice."

Clearly he was in need of the services of some of his fellow exhibitors. Perhaps the Gurkha Security Guards—a division of Argus Shield International.

Just as the police and the army have elite squads for the big jobs, so do security firms. For run of the mill guarding you can hire poorly paid people taken off the dole queue and put into uniform. But for the big time, you can hire ex-Gurkhas who are "supervised by ex-British officers".

The brochure beams "Gurkhas are non-political, racially compatable world wide, neutral and absolutely incorruptible."

Perhaps the cheapest item on sale came from an old established firm, specialising in truncheons and handcuffs, Hiett of Birmingham. For 25p you can get—in black or white—plastic restraints. These strips of plastic with non-slip catches are bought by the thousand by various police forces and often used on big drug busts.

Used instead of handcuffs—they are placed round the victim's wrists. The more they wriggle the tighter it gets, and they can block the blood circulation. They cannot be opened and have to be cut off.

Their standard 15-inch truncheon costs £3.50, but you can get a smaller souvenir model for £1. Many forces buy them in bulk to give away to guests—rather than customers.
Ken Hyder

All the dope on drugs

Four times as much cocaine was seized in 1987 as in the previous year; class B drugs seizures (notably cannabis) were the highest ever-recorded; and heroin seizures have stabilised, according to the Home Office's annual bulletin on drugs misuse.

But as John Jolly of Release pointed out: "Although the quantity of heroin seized has stabilised, it is still very high." There were 3,500 more seizures in the mid 1980s than seven years previously.

Offences relating to cannabis accounted for 83 per cent of total offences. But punishments reflect the new trend of focusing on more serious offences. Fines are being replaced by cautioning—which increased from 2 to 27 per cent.

But of those committing more serious offences, the proportion receiving sentences of over two years went from 17 per cent in 1982 to 26 per cent in 1987.

Jolly also felt that boundaries were changing: "People found in possession of small amounts of drugs have been charged with trafficking rather than possession, reflecting the desire to get those higher up the hierarchy".

The number of addicts recorded as receiving notifiable drugs from doctors rose by 23 per cent during the year. This may reflect a shift in treatment towards the prescription of substitute drugs to counteract the threat of Aids. According to Jolly, it could also reflect the drying up of supplies on the streets. Of the addicts notified, 75 per cent said they were still injecting drugs.
Claire Sanders

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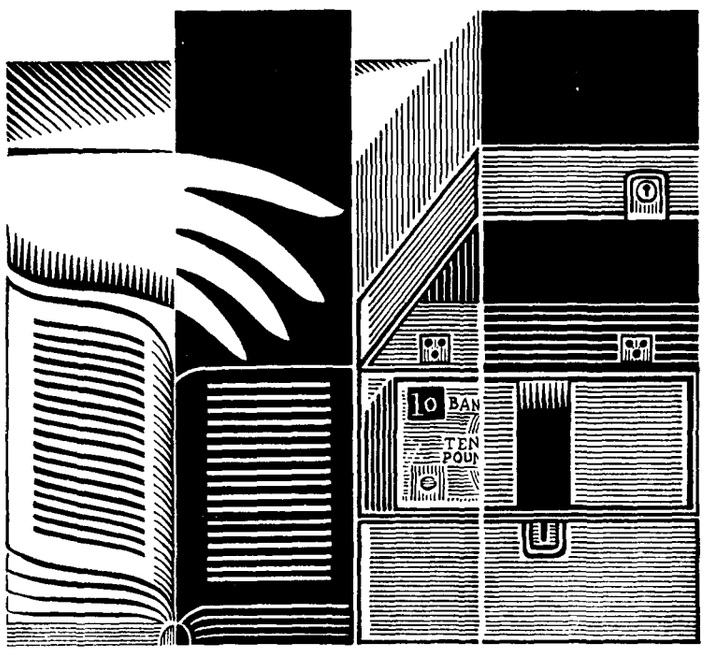
Up for grabs

Millions of pounds may be lying around in obsolete charity funds. Now there is a guide to help you get at the money, reports Vicky Hutchings



Cliff Harper

What happens when a charity set up many years ago finds that requests for support dry up and offers of help are no longer made? Recent inquiries into the Chippenham Borough Lands Charity, formed in Elizabethan times, found that it still owned 100 acres of land. This was sold and the endowment is now worth over £2 million.

There are just 14 people working in the investigation department of the Charity Commission. This is the charities' regulatory body, where an index on every charity not exempted from registering, is open to public scrutiny. There are a total of 160,000 charities registered in England and Wales.

Some charities do not bother to register, but lack of resources at the Commission means that little action is taken if they do not. The index is kept with a public file on each charity and this makes up the *Register of Charities*. Accounts are also required from all registered charities. Again, no action is taken if they do not provide any. Charities in Scotland and Northern Ireland register directly with the Inland Revenue whose records are not open to public inspection.

The Directory of Social Change, itself a charity, has now published *Researching Local Charities* by Nancy Eaglesham*. It explains in detail how anyone can track down information on a particular charity. The Directory has also produced a number of publications on charities, tax and the law, plus practical guides to grant-seekers. It also provides information on fundraising and management to smaller charities.

"Amounts of money—estimates vary wildly from £2 million to £35 million per annum—lie unspent"

Researching a charity not only provides information to people or groups seeking grants but, more importantly, can ginger up the charity. The decline of many charities can be explained by changing social priorities and to some degree by neglect of the trustees; many still hold stocks amounting to millions of pounds in Consols or War Loans. Others own large amounts of land which could be sold at considerable profit to the benefit of applicants to the charities. Amounts of money—estimates vary wildly from £1-2 million to £35 million per annum—lie unspent, waiting for the vigilant questioner to ask why.

There are many other sources of information on charities. They include libraries, social services departments, local education authorities, churches and community organisations. Following the 1985 Charities Act, "local charities for relief in need" were required to send a copy of their accounts annually to the appropriate local authority. Where such charities do not comply (most do not), they are obliged to send copies to members of the public on request. If they fail to do even this, they can be reported to...the Charity Commission.

Last year, the Woodfield Committee submitted its report to the government on charities legislation and a White Paper is due out later this year. Chief among its recommendations is that fewer categories of charity should be exempt from registering and that a more systematic system should be instituted for sending in accounts to the Charities Commission. They also recommend that *all* local charities should submit copies of their accounts to the local authority and to the general public on request.

The Charity Commission, it says, should be responsible for Scotland, as well as England and Wales, and should be able to conduct local charity reviews directly without going through the local authority. Furthermore it should have some teeth and be able to shame charities into regularly submitting their accounts by a system of "marking" the files of those who do not. Anyone seeing the files will draw what conclusion they like.

In the meantime, the Directory of Social Change provides a wide range of publications and initiatives which attempt to plug the gap and keep the pressure up in that "grey area" of local charity inefficiency.

**£3.95. Directory of Social Change, Radius Works, Back Lane, London NW3.*

TAILGUNNER PARKINSON

"A tall, handsomely bronzed middle-aged man walked casually around the tables at this year's Thames TV's garden party. He had about him a style of genial self-awareness. I shouted—from a distance of two tables—"Are you well known?". He paused and stared with the eyes of an uncertain stag. "Are you famous?", I continued bawling. Quietly he replied, "I'm Richard Dunn!".

More than that was clearly needed. So he told me he was the managing director of Thames TV. "My God!" I said, "You actually look like the public image of a TV executive. Doesn't that create confusion?"

Mr Dunn gave a gentle laugh—which is of course precisely what a top TV executive in a TV drama would do. Then he wandered on. I thought, "The lines between fact and fiction are merging!" But then perhaps that's precisely what the Thames TV annual garden party is really all about.

Quite how I ever first got invited to this show-biz bun fight I really can't say. But from the word "go" I've jostled with reporters from the *Sun* and the *News of the World* to ask "the stars" questions.

A well known, ever-smiling news reader confessed that he found his job suicidally boring, while I remember the late Andrew Cruickshank had clearly become so seduced by the part of Dr Finlay, he'd virtually abandoned learning lines and started writing prescriptions.

This year I wanted to ask Benny Hill a question. An Argentinian had been quoted recently as saying that the English were forgiven for the Falklands because of Benny Hill!

When I asked the comic his response to this, his agent showed blatant symptoms of incipient *petit mal*—clearly he saw political speculation as bad for show business.

He needn't have worried. "At the time of the Falklands my picture was in their papers" said Benny, "but they made no link". "Benny is like Charlie Chaplin—international in appeal," confirmed the agent.

Benny gave a smile of benediction on this, then turned to a more crucial issue. Someone from the *Sunday Pic* had earlier asked whether he'd objected to being photographed with topless girls on the beachs of the French Riviera.

To my memory, he had I think raised no strong objections!"

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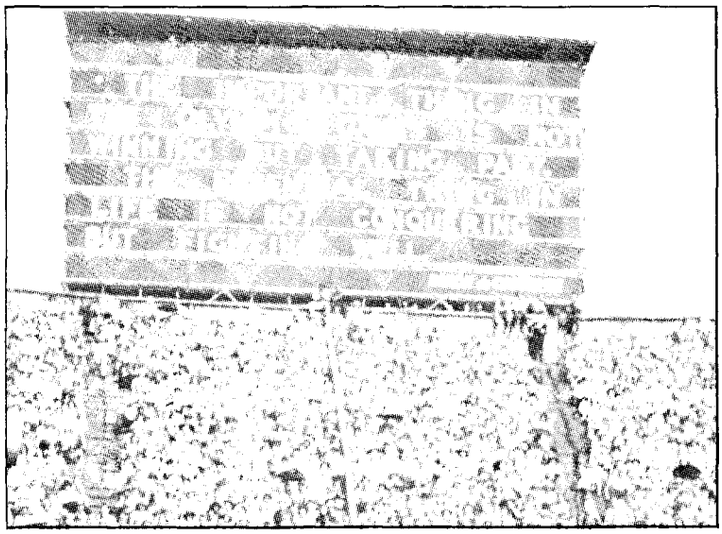
Sport and leisure

Pat McNeill discusses the growing commercialisation of recreational activity



Given the feast, or perhaps surfeit, of televised sport that we have seen in recent months, and the positive orgy we will experience over the next two weeks of the Olympic Games, it is a pity that the sociology of sport does not feature in A-level syllabuses. There is no shortage of sociological literature about sport, both descriptive and analytic, but at A-level it is, at best, just a part of the sociology of leisure.

Leisure can be thought of as a state of being or an attitude of mind which occurs in time that is left over after necessary life-tasks have been completed. It is a qualitative state. This quality is linked with the notion of play, which is activity undertaken, often spontaneously, for its intrinsic pleasure. Play activity is associated with recreation, but recreation is more routinised and may be undertaken for reasons additional to those of personal enjoyment. Sport is a form of recreation, involving physical activities similar to those of play, but with some sort of administrative arrangements, a set of agreed rules and, usually, some element of competition or challenge with a definite outcome, often in terms of winners and losers defined primarily in respect of physical skills.

Discussion topic

Compare the media presentation of pop stars with that of top athletes.

Such conceptual distinctions are not easily applied in the real world. For example, the same physical activity can fall into different categories on different occasions. Thus angling, mainly a recreational activity, becomes a sport when it is competitive. Similarly, jogging is recreation whose sporting equivalent is track, cross-country or road-racing. But what then of the London Marathon? It is competitive sport for some participants, but is recreation, albeit strenuous recreation, for others. Darts is a sport when played in competition for money, but for the great majority of players it is recreation.

Most sociological theorising about sport has been from a structural standpoint and has considered the role of sport, both spectator and participant, in society. George Mead saw the function of participatory sport as being primarily that of socialisation, through which children learn about role-taking and following rules and so about participating in social life. Taking part in organised sporting activity is like participating in a miniature social world. For adults, taking part in sport may offer an escape from work, but at the same time reinforces the value of effort, work and competitiveness.

Watching sport can provide a sense of identity and of group loyalty and may provide an outlet for aggression. Ideally such an outlet diverts aggression from other targets, though recent research into violence among spectators, not only in the context of football, suggests that this may not be the case. Watching professional wrestling, on the other hand, is very obviously cathartic for many members of the audience. Wrestling provides a good example of another value promoted by sport, that good guys win. In professional wrestling the "goodie" beats the "baddie", exemplifying the triumph of social justice over injustice.

The functionalist notion of the reinforcing of central norms and values has its counterpart in the Marxist notion of the reinforcement of dominant ideology. This argues that modern sport operates as a means of social control, especially in the context of school sport, promoting the ethic of hard work, competitiveness and deferred gratification. Sport is work in another guise. The apparent equality of opportunity in sport is as much of a sham as it is in the wider society, where, it is argued, the powerful and the privileged have better facilities to develop their talents, while enough "rags-to-riches" stories exist to maintain the myth. Where once sports like football and boxing gave opportunities to a few individuals from the urban working-class and from economically deprived areas of the country, they now provide avenues of upward mobility for the new proletariat, Britain's black population. A radical perspective also emphasises the profit element in modern organised sport and the huge and growing commercialism of all sport. Since commercial success depends on attracting spectators and promoting brand loyalties for sports equipment, modern spectator sport is firmly established, via TV, as mass entertainment.

Nowhere are these developments more apparent that in the Olympic Games, which has a higher spectator/participant ratio than any other sporting event. An event which was founded in its modern form at the end of the last century to celebrate the ideals of the gifted amateur and of international cooperation is now conspicuous, at least in its media presentation, for its domination by full-time athletes and its rampant nationalism, exemplified by the flag-waving of tomorrow's opening ceremony and by the playing of national anthems when medals are presented.

Sexism is also a dominant theme of the Games, where only a few events, such as show-jumping, involve men and women competing together and on equal terms, though others, like shooting, have no obviously built-in physical advantages for men. It could be argued that the basis of male superiority in sport is biological and hence inevitable. A more subtle analysis suggests that it is those areas of physical activity in which men excel biologically that are identified as the important sports, and that this is itself the result of male domination of such choices.

Race and ethnicity too will be important aspects of the Games with certain events, such as swimming, being dominated by white athletes, while many medals for track athletics will be won by black runners. Similarly, the wealthy countries of the world will lead the medal tables at the end of the Games, the result of their ability to devote large amounts of their economic surplus to sports facilities and training resources for well-nourished athletes.

The contradiction of the Games is that they are presented as the ideal of international cooperation and peace, but in practice celebrate individualism, competitiveness and nationalism.

Reading: J.Hargreaves (1982), *Sport, Culture and Ideology*, Routledge and Kegan Paul.

Society Today is New Statesman and Society's weekly termtime page designed for A level and other sociology students.

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DATABASE

Military spending

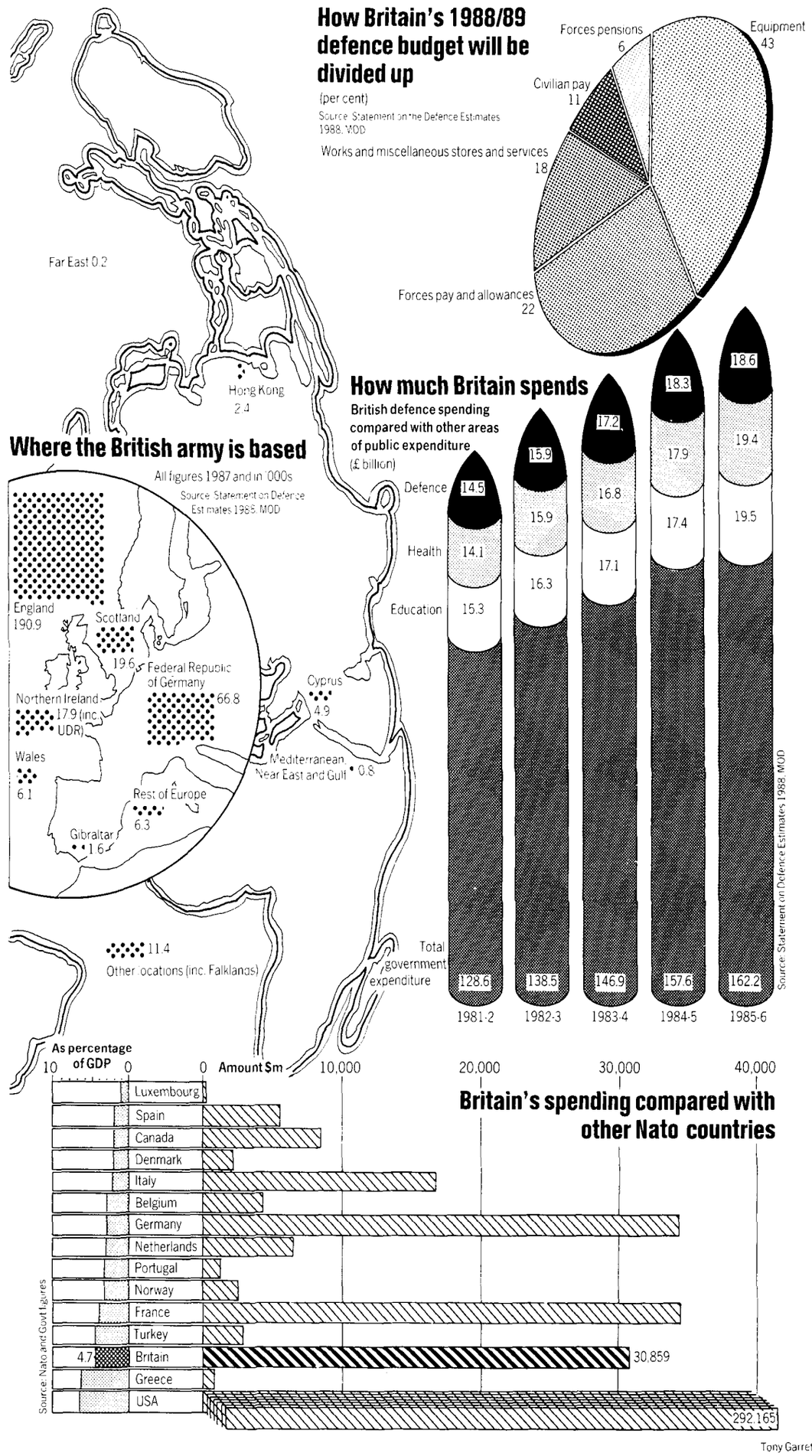
This year for the first time the World Bank has felt it necessary to include military spending in its annual *World Development Report*. This assessment of global spending indicates that six per cent of the world's total public spending goes for military purposes. In money terms this amounted to more than $900bn in 1985 alone. More often than not the World Bank has had to rely on figures provided by the various governments for its assessment, and makes no bones that the data used is "not necessarily reliable... Governments often deliberately understate and conceal military spending".

The pattern for defence spending shows that although the West spends more in terms of hard cash, developing nations spend more as a percentage of GNP. North Africa and the Middle East allocated 11 to 14 per cent to defence between 1974 and 1985, East Asia seven per cent, South East Asia and sub-Saharan Africa less than four per cent and Latin America devoted the smallest amount at 1.5 per cent.

Britain intends to spend, over a period of about 20 years (govt estimates), £9,043,000,000 on the controversial Trident project as it updates its strategic nuclear force. In 1987 this meant 4.2 per cent of the defence budget and this figure will rise to 5.6 per cent in 1988/89 and 6.2 per cent in 1989/90. In response, conventional weapons spending has dropped to pre-1980 levels.

The numbers of servicemen and women based in Britain has also dropped since 1981 from 245,000 to 228,100 in 1987. This drop can be attributed in part to the Army's "Lean Look" programme which intends to cut about 4,000 uniformed posts by 1990—half of this sum was achieved by April of this year.

Controversy again arises when considering the effect of defence spending on the wider economy. On the one hand it is argued that military spending produces many positive spin-offs and is even associated with economic growth. On the other, these short term benefits are, in the words of the World Bank "more than offset by the long-term negative impact of military spending". That is, the long-term social and economic effects of the diversion of scarce resources away from the non-military sectors. *Lin Murray*



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Imagining Elizabeth Siddal

Sacred relic: painted photograph (presumed the work of Dante Gabriel Rossetti) of Elizabeth Siddal, c.1860, set in gold frame with jade, opal, diamonds and rose sapphires. Formerly in the collection of J. Pierpont Morgan, now in the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore, USA.

Elizabeth Siddal married Gabriel Dante Rossetti in 1860—and, though a painter and poet in her own right, has biographically speaking lived in his shadow ever since. Jan Marsh, author of "The Pre-Raphaelite Sisterhood", examines the way her image has come down to us—a story of mythologising and misogyny on a grand scale.

The story of the woman who, a half century after her death, was described as the "legendary Elizabeth Siddal" is in fact disarmingly simple. Like all legends it has acquired an elaborate history of its own—one which tells us far more about the changing preoccupations of the storytellers than the woman herself. But then is that not true of all the myths which we call biography?

Her documented biographical facts are few and fragmentary amid a luxuriant growth of interpretation. In the early 1850s, as a young woman in London, Eliza-

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Elizabeth Siddal as Mythic victim—Millais's Ophelia, 1852

beth Siddal sat to several painters in the circle associated with the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood or PRB (founded 1848) for various young female figures. She sat to Walter Deverell for Viola in *Twelfth Night* (1850), to Holman Hunt for a British Girl in *A Converted British Family rescuing a Christian Priest from Persecution by the Druids* (1851), to Millais for *Ophelia* (1852), and to Rossetti for Delia, Beatrice, Rachel, the Virgin Mary, St Catherine, and others. From about 1852, Elizabeth Siddal was emotionally attached although not formally betrothed to Rossetti, and pursued an artistic career of her own. John Ruskin offered financial patronage and in 1857 she contributed several pictures to a Pre-Raphaelite exhibition in London organised by Ford Madox Brown. In 1858 her relationship with Rossetti was severed, but in 1860 they married; in 1862 she died of a self-administered overdose of laudanum, tincture of opium.

This curt summary of Elizabeth Siddal's life story is a selective reconstruction, contentious in itself, based on a few moments where her biography touches those of other well known historical figures. In her lifetime, she had virtually no public identity, and in the 20 years following her death there were few published references to her. Only when her husband died in 1882 did her "own" history begin.

At this date she appeared in subsidiary relation to a Great Man. "One of the most rarely gifted men of our time has just died," began Rossetti's obituary in the *Athenaeum*, in which his wife was briefly mentioned: "In the spring of 1860 he married Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal, who, being very beautiful, was constantly painted and drawn by him. She had one stillborn child in 1861 and died in February 1862. He felt her death very acutely and for a time ceased to write or take any interest in his own poetry. Like Prospero indeed he literally buried his wand . . ."

These phrases fixed the frame of beauty, passivity and pathos within which Elizabeth Siddal was inscribed—attributes borrowed directly (since the author did not know Elizabeth Siddal personally and the Rossetti's seldom spoke of her) from conventional definitions of femininity, especially ascribed to wives who died young. This sweet, sad, dove-like image of Elizabeth Siddal was supported by retrospective exhibitions of Rossetti's work held at the Royal Academy and Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1883, where several delicate pencil drawings were on display, showing Elizabeth Siddal sitting, reading, sewing or resting, in attitudes of meekness.

Elizabeth Siddal's image in relation to her "rarely gifted" husband was part of the promotion of his genius. The cult of genius, at its zenith in the late 19th century, was a paradigm of capitalist speculation, raising value on the promise of rarity. In Rossetti's case the hype was necessary since his artistic reputation was not unassailable—there were many better painters—but it was risky when genius was too near allied to madness. Rossetti also suffered from insanity, which was successfully concealed from the public and posterity. Instead, hints of secret scandal, circulated as gossip, effectively increased his stature. The first sensational revelation, hinted at in the *Athenaeum*'s otherwise obscure reference to the burial of Prospero's wand, came in the first Rossetti biography by William Sharp, issued in the year of his death, which told how the "artist lover", "before the coffin-lid was closed on the face he should not see on earth again", hastily gathered together the manuscripts of his poems "and laid them as a last gift on his wife's breast". Seven years later, in response to persuasion, he was said to have reluctantly agreed to an exhumation to retrieve the verses, subsequently published in 1870.

This macabre event, which still provokes an emotional response, successfully helped to establish Rossetti's position as Romantic artist alongside Keats, Byron and Shelley, and with it the dependent reputation of his beautiful beloved. Her role was also posthumously enhanced through the reproduction of her likeness in Rossetti's painting of *Beata Beatrix*, as Dante's beloved Beatrice at the moment of her rapture into heaven, presented to the national collection (now the Tate Gallery) in 1889.

The first full account of Elizabeth Siddal came

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'A cult of Elizabeth Siddal as a fantasy sex object can be glimpsed in the Decadent literature of the 1880s'

Meek, unconscious dove—Rossetti's characteristic image of Elizabeth Siddal in the 1850s

from Hall Caine, whose *Recollections of Rossetti* (1882) disclosed that before marriage she had been her husband's model and pupil, and described her as "a young lady of great personal beauty, in whom he discovered a natural genius for painting and a noticeable love of the higher poetic literature". Also revealed was her drug addiction, when after marriage "the lady's health began to fail" and she resorted to laudanum to combat "neuralgia"; thereafter "her spirits drooped and her art was laid aside". At her death Rossetti's "grief knew no bounds", and his finest work was the expression of this passion, as in the painting of *Dante's Dream on the Anniversary of the Death of Beatrice*, where "the beautiful lady lies in death, her hands folded across her breast and a glory of golden hair flowing over her shoulders."

The Elizabeth Siddal that thus lay in the shadow of Rossetti's genius was a pale and insubstantial spirit, without parentage, occupation or personality. She is defined in these early narratives in terms of absence and loss; her death is more meaningful than her life, her identity that of a lost love object, visible only as the vanished ghost of the pictures, or as a corpse in its coffin.

A distinct sexual charge, as of necrophilia, is palpable in these narratives, as in the invocation of "the love that is consummated in death". And a curious cult of Elizabeth Siddal as a fantasy sex object can be glimpsed in the literature and memoirs of the Decadent artists of the 1880s and 90s. The poet Swinburne, a close friend who had dined with Gabriel and Elizabeth on the night of her death, was a passionate if incoherent devotee, defending her against imagined slights. Oscar Wilde was another admirer, among those who had known neither Rossetti nor his wife during their lifetimes. "Oh, we have all, when young, been in love with Miss Siddal", confessed Charles Ricketts, artist and aesthete.

The *fin-de-siècle* cult of death was partly responsible for this worship of a long dead woman, although the devotion shown by this largely gay artists' subculture indicates how the changeable configuration of woman fulfils many functions, like an empty vessel. In circumstances where open homosexuality was dangerous, the dead Elizabeth Siddal may have represented unattainable, impossible, prohibited love. She became a cult figure. This spread beyond Decadent circles. Sometime around the end of the century a tiny painted photograph of Elizabeth Siddal came to light and for a large sum of money entered the collection of J Pierpont Morgan, where it was set in a gold and jewelled Fabergé frame, complete with reverent inscription; it resembles a holy reliquary containing sacred fragments.

Worship of a distant, disembodied figure is close in spirit to the Symbolist construction of woman as a mysterious alluring Other, bewitching but inhuman, like the mermaid whose sensual cold flesh lures men to the depths in a striking number of late 19th century paintings. However, it existed alongside a more "traditional" Victorian view of gender difference as a natural separation of spheres into dominant masculinity and dependent femininity. This perspective was vigorously reasserted in Elizabeth Siddal's history following Wilde's conviction in 1896 when, as Evelyn Waugh later remarked, it became "expedient" for biographers to stress the "heartiness" and normality of painters in the Pre-Raphaelite and Aesthetic styles, "To show the gulf that separated Red Lion Square [where Rossetti and others had a studio] from Reading Gaol."

In *The Collected Works of Rossetti in Poetry and Prose* (1886), William Rossetti, while establishing a literary canon to complement the pictorial one (his brother's reputation rested on the dual nature of his genius in poetry and painting) also supplied Elizabeth Siddal with her first provenance, as "daughter of a Sheffield cutler, herself a dressmaker's assistant", who met Rossetti through Walter Deverell. In 1894 *Dante Gabriel Rossetti* was published by F G Stephens. It included for the first time the now-famous account of Elizabeth Siddal's discovery in a shop: "Some time in 1850 Walter Deverell, going with his mother to a then-renowned bonnetmaker's establishment in Cranbourne Street . . . happened to glance wearily along the counter to where . . . a group of assistants could be seen . . . Among these damsels sat one conspicuous by a rare sort of comeliness, tall, elegant, lithe, slim waisted . . . her abundant hair was of a darkish auburn-brown with golden threads entwined. . ."

In 1895 William Rossetti, controlling the sluicegates of the family archive (and anxious to conceal both his brother's insanity and his affairs with other women, which were vigorously circulating as gossip) issued *Dante Gabriel Rossetti: Family Letters with a Memoir*, releasing a few more facts. Elizabeth was "not yet 17" when first discovered and "in our circle", was "always termed Lizzie"; the diminutive enhanced her youthful, dependent role. In demeanour she was graceful and ladylike despite her humble background, and "committed no faults of speech". Her frail health was emphasised, drawing attention away from her unnatural death. As evidence of her own "limited but real" talent, her self-portrait was illustrated and one of her poems was printed for the first time.

The Life and Letters of John Everett Millais, appearing in 1899, contained the first account of the now famous story of how Elizabeth Siddal posed for Millais's Ophelia in a rapidly cooling bathtub. Such was the artist's concentration that his model was "kept floating in the cold water till she was quite benumbed. She herself never complained . . . but the result was that she contracted a severe cold." This was one tale that rapidly passed into legend; it seems to have been unknown to the rest of the Pre-Raphaelite Brothers.

In response to demand—Elizabeth Siddal has always attracted curiosity out of all proportion to her historical significance—in 1903 William Rossetti composed a monograph for the *Burlington Magazine* as "an express biographic record". It was at pains to stress that the intimacy of the engaged couple in Rossetti's studio at Blackfriars was unconventional but not improper, and identified her illness as "the germs of consumption". And it concluded that she was a woman "worthy of being espoused to a painter and poet".

In all these versions, Elizabeth Siddal is young—no attempt was made to learn her real date of birth—lovely, virginally innocent, and patient during an extended "engagement". She is of lower class origin—hence the careful inaccuracy as to her father's occupation within

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the manual trades (Charles Siddal was in fact a relatively prosperous retail ironmonger with shops in Blackfriars and the Old Kent Road, where his widow still resided) but despite this humble background she has innate gentility and a real feeling for art. Her own achievements are slight—her work is appropriately derivative, a pale imitation of her husband's. She is thus a delicate Cinderella, discovered by a Prince and raised from menial obscurity to be a Pre-Raphaelite princess.

In this manner, the narratives reproduce contemporary Victorian notions of masculinity and femininity in terms of simple complementarity and in the style of romantic fiction: the ideal of the beautiful young girl who arouses and inspires the male hero and in the warmth of whose love she blossoms. She is indeed the artist's greatest creation. Endowed with female frailty, however, she is too weak and sick to withstand the heat of the world she has entered and instead of living happily ever after declines towards death, becoming the very emblem of her lover's loss and regret.

It is worth noting that this motif of pure romantic love was constructed in relation to Elizabeth Siddal and Dante Gabriel Rossetti at a time when such notions of gender complementarity and feminine weakness were under stress, with the end-of-the-century women's emancipation campaigns and demands for suffrage, professional training, economic status and legal independence. The story of Elizabeth Siddal at this date can thus be read as the production of old men, evoking the past as a time when relations between the sexes were perceived as more harmonious.

A brief reference in 1911 by Madox Brown's grandson (later known as the novelist Ford Madox Ford) to "the almost legendary Miss Siddal" prompted a curious episode in her biographical history that reflects not contemporary gender attitudes, but the equally unequal relation of metropolis, and provinces in British cultural life. Local historians in Sheffield, proud of the "local girl" made good, investigated her origins. Letters in the local press provoked first-hand recollections of Elizabeth Siddal by fellow art students at the Sheffield School of Art in 1857, and a record of her formal membership of a Congregational chapel. However, these most interesting snippets were suppressed, by being ignored in London, since they contradicted William Rossetti's statements that his sister-in-law had received art training only from his brother, and had no religious affiliation. To this day the metropolitan version of Elizabeth Siddal prevails.

Biography is a process of narration rather than accumulation, mirroring the present more than illuminating the past. And in the 1920s and 1930s a new version of Elizabeth Siddal emerged, shaped by then current ideas from contemporary psychology and "sexology". In this period, the "sex reform" movement promoted ideas derived from Freudian and Adlerian thought to the effect that gender identity and relations were based in conflict, men being impelled by a thrusting, competitive, creative sexual drive and women by a receptive, nurturing, passive impulse instinctively geared towards marriage and motherhood; these opposed goals were united in the consummation of sexual intercourse. Sex was good and healthy in itself and the worst affliction was female failure to enjoy sex: the newly-identified condition of "frigidity" was a fate almost worse than death. Ideally, the sexes were complementary but in practice they were in conflict, men striving to conquer and remain free, women to possess through submission. This is similar to the notion of sexual polarity developed by D H Lawrence from German psychology and was more vulgarly characterised in popular culture as the "battle of the sexes", or "sex war" of mid-20th-century fiction and films. As this construction of sexuality gained ground, the story of Elizabeth Siddal and Dante Rossetti ceased to be one of romantic love and became a tale of bitter, tragic sexual struggle.

It was not altogether a false story. Published diaries and correspondence showed firm evidence of fierce quarrels during 1856-57, and verbal tradition testified to estrangement, neglect and infidelity by Gabriel, together with a good deal of family hostility to Elizabeth. The strong possibility that her death was suicide—first suggested in print in 1908—suggested deep marital unhappiness. But while not wholly new, this information was foregrounded in a new way, for a new purpose, as a new image of Elizabeth Siddal was formulated.

> *"Only when her husband died did her "own" history begin"*

D G Rossetti: Elizabeth Siddal at the easel, c.1854

1928 was Rossetti's centenary year, marked by new biographies. In R L Megroz's *Painter Poet of Heaven on Earth*, Elizabeth Siddal was a "proud but insufficiently cultured working girl" whose poor health was accompanied by a "morbid psychology". Her poems were "painful and morbid, harping monotonously on the theme of betrayed and disillusioned love". Her relationship with Gabriel was one of continual strife and jealousy; there were quarrels and hence other women in Rossetti's life—Jane Morris and Fanny Cornforth were named for the first time. Significantly, without a shred of factual evidence the cause of the conflict between "Lizzie" and Gabriel was that "she would not be entirely his before marriage". Finally, it was probable that she took the overdose of laudanum, "in a hysterical moment with the knowledge that it was fatal", in order to punish Gabriel for his neglect.

This was a new picture: a morbid, hysterical, suicidal woman clinging to her virginity and angrily jealous of her rivals. In the same year a second biography of Rossetti by Evelyn Waugh—distantly related to Holman Hunt's wives—presented a similar view, in which Gabriel was young, expansive, full of untried strength, while Lizzie was "prim and wan" and soon in decline, "her fading beauty bearing the taint of underlying decay". She brought only "corruption and mortality" to the match.

These profoundly misogynist versions of Elizabeth Siddal's increasingly mythological story no longer focus on the gruesome tale of the exhumation which so fascinated the Decadents, nor on the vexed question of the long delayed marriage, which puzzled the narrators of the romantic love story, but on the issue of suicide, perceived and presented as the art of a vindictive, embittered woman. Waugh's comments also evidently link to notions of degeneration and healthy breeding, common all through fascist Europe at this period; it was a mercy, he implied, that the morbid and sickly Miss Siddal produced no living child.

It is sometimes difficult, reading these accounts, to perceive any reason why Rossetti should have loved or married Elizabeth Siddal so deeply unpleasant is the image presented. There were, of course, those who sought to defend her against such calumny. "I can never forgive Rossetti," wrote novelist Violet Hunt, former common-law wife of Ford Madox Ford, in her biographical *Wife of Rossetti*, published in 1932. Here, our heroine is a wronged woman, neglected and betrayed by her great genius of a lover, and left to brood in solitary sorrow with her pet songbird and bottle of laudanum. Her youthful beauty fading, she sees herself supplanted by others, while Rossetti grows increasingly inconsiderate and cruel, insisting on living at insanitary Blackfriars, over the miasmic mud, and causing her to miscarry. On the night of her death, ignoring her entreaties, he goes out to Fanny, leaving her in deranged despair. The suicide note pinned to her nightdress reads, "My life is so miserable that I wish for no more of it".

Given the melodramatic qualities of Violet

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Hunt's writing, it is not suprising that the new, accurate information provided by her research into Elizabeth Siddal's background, including much of the Sheffield material cited above, was ignored. Even so, it does not offer a radically different view of Elizabeth Siddal ; indeed, its account of bitter, destructive, quarrels between highly-sexed Rossetti and frigid Lizzie, pathetic and hysterical by turns, seems straightforwardly reflective of prevailing sexology.

This version of Elizabeth Siddal remained current for many years. William Rossetti's daughter devoted a chapter of her *Dante Gabriel Rossetti: His Friends and Enemies* (1949) to characterise Elizabeth Siddal as "a very sick woman, neurotic, inclined to melancholism, often seriously ill, with a tuberculous tendency." The suicide verdict was confirmed from oral tradition within the family, although the note now only asked Gabriel to "take care of Harry" (Lizzie's youngest, retarded brother). As late as 1973, an article in *Apollo* summarised the story thus: "Lizzie is a pathetic figure. She was beautiful, even though the drawings do depict a rather wishy-washy personality . . . Rossetti was a sensual man, and Lizzie, it may be suspected, was frigid: she answered his dreams but not his needs."

By this date, however, the pathetic, neurotic Lizzie had generally been superseded by a character who can best be called a Pre-Raphaelite groupie, a child of the 1950s and 1960s pop culture. Curiously, this figure appears mainly in fictional form, presented by women writers seemingly too diffident, despite the numerous precedents, to claim the status of biography for the interpretative narratives. In Nerina Shute's slight but inventive *Victorian Love Story* (1954), "Miss Sid" is a pert London girl who glues herself to Gabriel and is eventually rewarded with marriage. "Men like women to be beautiful and ignorant," she tells Jane Morris; with Swinburne she jokes about romance: "It is ever so restful when a person stops being romantic. It is like," she explained, "taking off your corset."

A similar personality is presented in Paula Batchelor's *Angel with Bright Hair* (1957), and most strikingly of all, in Ken Russell's film biography *Dante's Inferno: The Private Life of Rossetti* (1969), where opposite a stolid but sexy Oliver Reed, Judith Paris played a wide-eyed and knowing sixties swinger, presenting a cockney Elizabeth Siddal like Twiggy in crinoline and shawl, larking with Gabriel by a stream or concealed behind canvases in the studio when frosty Christina calls. She is sharp but ineffectual, threatening Gabriel with her needle and scorning Ruskin's praise, without ambition beyond love and the glamour of bohemian life.

The same qualities are stressed in Timothy Hilton's account of *The Pre-Raphaelites* (1970) in The World of Art Library where Rossetti's passion for Elizabeth Siddal reflects a withdrawn hippie atmosphere devoted to love, sex and art, deliberately removed from the "straight" world outside. Here, in the studio at Blackfriars, "Rossetti and Lizzy, alone, lived together, slept together and created together . . . in an enclosed world of love . . . of *égoisme à deux* [and] self-protective eccentricity [where] the reciprocity of the artist-model relationship is now that between lover and beloved."

In these accounts, Elizabeth Siddal, unlike her predecessors, does not hold on to her virginity—what sixties heroine did that?—but she is never an active sexual partner. This is true too of Paddy Kitchen's novel *The Golden Veil* (1981), where Elizabeth Siddal has metamorphosed further into a dreamy South London girl, privately reading and writing poetry, whose life is tranformed by meeting the artists, and who shines only in their light. But her soul never really quickens, and the early promise is slowly wasted, by drugs and passivity; Gabriel is kind, but the flames cannot be rekindled.

Paddy Kitchen has indicated that her imaginative account of Elizabeth Siddal was influenced by observing students at London art schools in the early 1960s, and there is evidence that young women in this generation picked up Elizabeth Siddal as a figure for fantasy, around whom they wove their own dreams of love and fame.

Latterly, in the 1980s, a new version of Elizabeth Siddal has been emerging, who is partly a victim of masculine oppression and partly a rediscovered proto-feminist, as fits the age. Poets have taken up her persona: Gillian Allnutt in Britain, and Elizabeth Spires in the US. And feminist art historians have discovered her among disregarded women artists of the past.

Implicit in this new approach is a determined effort to detach Elizabeth Siddal's story from that of Rossetti and the PRB, with which it has been historically entwined, and present her with a biography of her own. Genealogical research by Marion Edwards provides a true birth date of 1829 (in the parish of St Andrews, Holborn) and confirms the large number of siblings given by Violet Hunt. The sections on Elizabeth Siddal in my own *Pre-Raphaelite Sisterhood* (1984) continued the reconstruction of an "independent" life story from primary sources. This account was itself a narrative contribution to the ongoing "story of Elizabeth Siddal". It viewed her as the victim of patriarchal power relations maintaining women in positions of economic and emotional weakness, and also attempted, in compensation for past inaccuracies, to present her as a talented and ambitious woman who "in real life tried to challenge the prescriptions of class and gender".

Concern with the position of women in art history has resulted in greater prominence being given to Elizabeth Siddal's artistic production, although she is still today chiefly known as model and muse rather than painter and poet. In 1978 Mark Lasner and Roger Lewis produced a small press edition limited to 500 copies of *Poems and Drawings of Elizabeth Siddal*. As with most limited editions, however, this only partly helped towards establishing a new identity; in other ways it reproduced the prevailing view of Elizabeth Siddal as a subsidiary figure or "secluded pool" outside the Pre-Raphaelite mainstream.

The large Tate Gallery exhibition *The Pre-Raphaelites* held in 1984 contained two and a half works by Elizabeth Siddal, a level of representation comparable to that of other "minor" painters in the movement such as Simeon Solomon. The "half" picture was a watercolour of *Sir Galahad and the Holy Grail* which according to its inscription was designed by "EES" and executed by "EES & DGR". Its catalogue entry was assigned to the scholar responsible for the Rossetti entries, rather than to Deborah Cherry, the feminist art historian to whom the other Siddal entries were allocated. These were a drawing of *The Lady of Shalott* and a watercolour of *Lady Clare*, illustrative of two texts from Tennyson. Referring to the artist firmly by surname, the entries insisted on her works as "actively productive in the construction of gender difference . . . and strategically placed within historically specific discourses on women". The usual critical judgment of the artist as weak and derivative is challenged: "All too often Siddal's drawings are viewed as pale echoes of Rossetti's and said to be dependent on his. Such analysis should be resisted. It produces and reproduces patriarchal ideology, constructing the woman artist and her work as negative, and sustaining the male artist and his art in a position of dominance and privilege."

Such analysis, in its turn, was resisted by the art historical establishment, to whom these ideas and language were unacceptable in 1984, and the article on Elizabeth Siddal by Deborah Cherry and Griselda Pollock destined for the collection of scholarly *Pre-Raphaelite Papers* published to accompany the exhibition and catalogue was apparently rejected on grounds of unsuitability. It appeared instead in *Art History* in June 1984 presenting a "post-structuralist" version of Elizabeth Siddal, in which "Siddal functions as a sign. More than the name of a historical personage it does not simply refer to a woman, or even Woman. Its signified is masculine creativity [which] articulates the informing ideologies of art history about the personal process of artistic creation and its natural disposition between the sexes."

Here the authors use the case of Elizabeth Siddal not as a biographical adjunct to Pre-Raphaelite art, nor as an artist in her own right, but as a means of challenging the still current valuation of art in terms of originality and ambition. It concludes that "dominant tropes of Pre-Raphaelite literature have functioned decisively to produce and secure gender difference."

Thus the latest image of Elizabeth Siddal is a feminist one, symbol of patriarchal oppression in both biographical and critical terms, rescued from a century during which her work and her lifestory have been suppressed or ignored. And this new version is steadily gaining ground. Several of her paintings were included in the exhibition *Painting Women: Women Victorian Artists* which toured Britain in 1987-88. And, at last entering the mainstream in her own, ungendered right, two of Elizabeth Siddal's poems are included in the new *Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, edited by Christopher Ricks and published in 1987. A new version of her history is now in process of being formed.

This is an edited version of an article which appeared in "History Workshop", No. 25. Jan Marsh's "The Legend of Elizabeth Siddal" will be published by Quartet Books next year.

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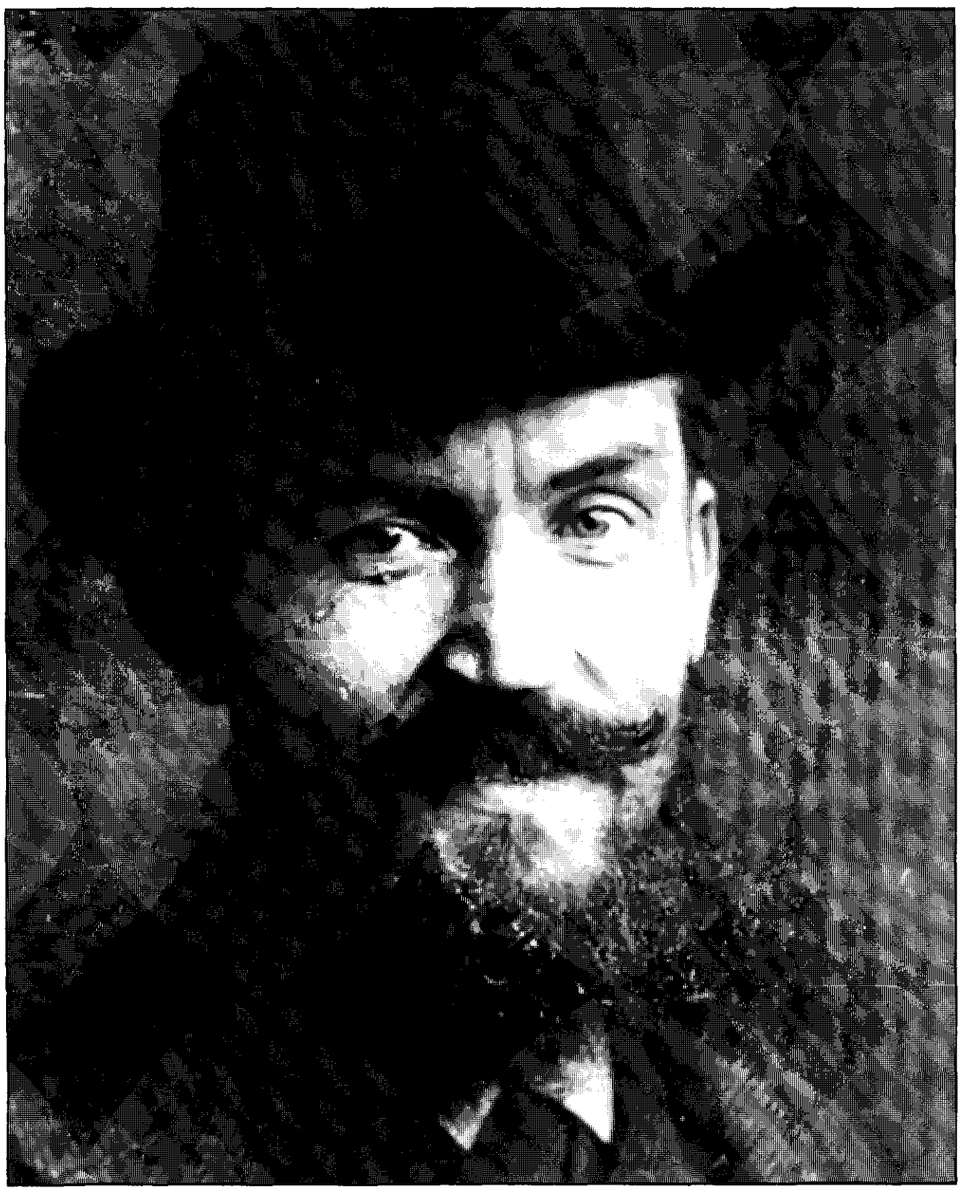

Shaw in the 1890s; he had to develop the persona of the bluff egotist

The winnowing of Mr Holroyd

BERNARD SHAW: THE SEARCH FOR LOVE
Michael Holroyd
Chatto & Windus £16

Sean French

George Bernard Shaw appears in a lot of roles in this first volume of Michael Holroyd's biography: self-educated poor boy, self-sacrificing son, philanderer, music and drama critic, pamphleteer, correspondent, editor, lecturer, bicyclist, vegetarian, Fabian, socialist, and various combinations of the above. Almost everything, in fact, apart from successful playwright.

One of his lesser known roles is Bernard Shaw, vestryman and borough councillor. This was far from being a sinecure. "Vestry beyond all endurance," he lamented in his diary entry for 30 March 1898. The two new sanitary inspectors he had demanded were voted down after a marathon meeting: "Too damnable," he continued, "tea not over till nearly 10. Headache seems imminent, but I have ceased to notice that now: it's getting chronic, although somehow my energy is not flagging—rather the contrary."

"Rather" is a severe understatement. Shaw's municipal duties coincided with the period when he was struggling finally to establish himself as a playwright. He was also writing reviews and travelling the country delivering lectures on socialism and related matters for which he received no fee. Nevertheless, Holroyd reveals that of a possible "321 council and subcommittee meetings he was eligible to attend between November 1900 and September 1903, he turned up at 192." That's a meeting about every five days.

While W.H. Auden was supposedly a political poet in the 1930s, he worried about "the expending of powers/On the flat ephemeral pamphlet and the boring meeting". Shaw's powers were so immense, there was enough of them for everything he turned his hand to. And besides, Shaw treated none of his work, however apparently ephemeral, with contempt. He spent days, for example, as unpaid editor of the books of Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Beatrice observed that "there is a conciseness and crispness in parts subjected to his pruning knife lacking elsewhere". In 1903 the actor-manager Cyril Maude sent Shaw a chapter of his history of the Haymarket theatre, dealing with the years when Shaw had had dealings with it. Shaw "replied with his own version, written as if from Maude's point of view", which Maude then used in the book as if he'd written it himself.

For Shaw there was apparently no such thing as a boring meeting. In the ten years after 1887 he delivered almost a thousand lectures and these were not ten-minute, after-dinner speeches. Shaw himself recalled that he "used to hold big audiences for 110 minutes without turning a hair". And Holroyd cites plenty of witnesses to the humour and intelligence of the lectures. According to the transcript of a speech at a St Pancras Vestry meeting supporting Alderman Matthews as Mayor of St Pancras, Shaw was interrupted by laughter 13 times in the course of 350 words.

This is a long book and it takes us only up to Shaw's forty-second year in 1898—there are two more volumes to come. Yet, among other things, Michael Holroyd has managed a masterpiece of compression. The labyrinthine complications of Shaw's childhood family life in Ireland would make a book in itself. In sexual matters, Shaw was a late starter but his relations with women are like a collection of case histories on late-Victorian sexual psychology. His public

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career is inextricable from the histories of the English theatre and of one of the most fertile periods of English radicalism—producing the Fabians, the Labour Party and the London School of Economics.

Nor are these areas discrete. Sex for Shaw was as much to do with conversation and writing as with actual copulation. D.H. Lawrence thought Shaw was sexless, but this was not the impression he made on the hordes of women who fell in love with him. Shaw had an extraordinary ability to lead women up the garden path and then suddenly abandon them at the bedroom door. One wife with whom he flirted, Edith Bland, rebuked him in a letter: "You had no right to write the preface if you were not going to write the book." But then Shaw's prefaces were often better than his plays.

Shaw was especially attracted to actresses and much of his sexual history can be read in his theatre reviews, which he used to court, flatter, cajole, praise and dismiss the women he loved. Here is a beady-eyed appraisal of the star of a popular musical:

"Dorothy herself, a beauteous young lady of distinguished mien... sang without the slightest effort and without the slightest point, and was all the more desperately vapid because she suggested artistic gifts wasting in complacent abeyance."

How many critics would write thus about their own sister?

The process of writing Shaw's biography has been one of massive research and then a winnowing and distillation of the results. It is well known that Michael Holroyd has been working on this project for 15 years. But since Shaw wrote faster than most of us can read and lived to be 94 that seems barely enough time to get through Shaw's own works, let alone the vast amount of secondary material.

Throughout, Holroyd marshals this fiendishly tangled material with immense authority. I can't see how it could have been managed better. Where I would fault him is in his narrative style. There must be a psychological problem in writing about a writer as entertaining as Shaw. Everything Holroyd quotes from his subject fizzes with energy and he may have felt an anxiety about being boring. Holroyd is an outstandingly perceptive and sensitive biographer but he can be eccentric. He mentions Shaw's attendance of an International Socialist Congress in Zurich, "from the meeting-room of which he would dive out at lunch to make the snow-waters of the lake sizzle with his scalding body." He cites the distaste for men of the actress, Elizabeth Robins: "There seemed no place, not even St Paul's Cathedral, they did not penetrate, staring, standing, breathing... It was disgusting! Some of them actually spoke to her; others had helped her across a busy street in broad daylight. She felt safer in the world of Ibsen."

There are a lot of passages like this. They read a bit like submerged quotations from Shaw himself—infuriatingly, we won't know until volume three appears in 1991 with the references. If they are, it's an unacceptable technique. Holroyd shows in utterly convincing detail how Shaw turned everything in his life into a form of comedy. Therefore, we need to know if these events are being presented through his eyes. If they aren't, it's a needless distraction. Shaw's life, of all lives, is interesting enough without factitious jollying up.

These were not the years of Shaw's success—but even when he failed he did so on the most heroic scale. During the same period, Henry James, already a successful novelist, retreated from the public eye and brought his theatrical career to a close after being greeted with hisses at the premiere of his play, *Guy Domville*.

Shaw began his creative career by writing no fewer than five novels which were successively rejected by all publishers. His theatrical career began equally disastrously. His first play was booed; his second rejected; his third banned; his fourth a small, manufactured success; his fifth rejected; his sixth accepted, then rejected; his seventh withdrawn; his eighth offered to the theatrical manager, William Terriss, for a subsequently cancelled world tour. Terriss was still considering the play when he was murdered by a madman on the steps of the Adelphi.

Shaw had to develop the persona of the bluff egotist. Without it he would have been crushed by the setbacks he faced at every stage of his development. This first volume is a story of extraordinary personal and political heroism. We can look forward to seeing it well rewarded in the next volume.

Deceit and its purposes

THE CAPTAIN AND THE ENEMY
Graham Greene
Reinhardt Books £10.95

Patricia Craig

The Browning quotation which Graham Greene has said could stand as an epigraph to all his books—"Our interest's on the dangerous edge of things"—has often been misinterpreted as implying an attraction towards danger, when what it actually indicates is an attraction towards paradox and ambiguity. Danger, physical danger, though plentiful in the Greene novels, is of less importance to the scheme of these novels than the author's relish for the unstraightforward.

The Captain and the Enemy—from its epigraph on—illustrates the point. (The epigraph—"Will you be sure to know the good side from the bad, the Captain from the enemy?"—comes from George A. Birmingham, a Northern Irish writer of the Edwardian period who—in at least one of his novels—got to grips with one particularly striking paradox, that of rebellious loyalism.) It concerns the stratagems of a scrupulous conman, a truthful storyteller.

The Captain, as he is known, wins a boy from his father at backgammon (or chess), and transfers his acquisition from a boarding school, where he is unhappy, to a basement in north west London, where a makeshift family life is soon in progress. The boy, Victor Baxter (soon rechristened Jim), is Greene's narrator, and just as subdued, or impassive, as earlier Greene protagonists like Bendrix, in *The End of the Affair*, or Castle, in *The Human Factor*. The Captain's action with regard to Jim is undertaken simply to confer motherhood, surrogate motherhood, on a young woman named Liza, a victim of concupiscence on the part of Jim's real father. Liza is one of those luckless, constant, guileless females who arouse protective feelings in the principled lawbreakers of Graham Greene, like the current Captain.

This is a novel about deviousness and insecurity, and it's located in an atmosphere familiar to Greene enthusiasts, with aspects of the seedy and shady well to the fore. This atmosphere contributes to a certain timelessness about the book, a timelessness that isn't dispelled even when we reach the second half of the story and Panama in the 1970s, where Jim has come in pursuit of his mentor.

Jim's childhood, from his first meeting with the Captain and Liza, has been passed in the Camden Town basement where Liza is installed as caretaker, with the Captain generally off on some precarious excursion or other. The bulk of the narrative consists of papers written by Jim at several stages in his life, all of them centring on the singular personality of the Captain, a man who is adept at absenting himself from wherever he is supposed to be, whether it's a German prison camp during the second world war, or a Panamanian hotel at a much later date. What other traits does he have? A fondness for uncommon words—glabrous, fuliginous—resourcefulness and optimism. He is also a person who finds it expedient to have more than one name at his disposal.

Jim's stay in Panama is enlivened by some encounters with a Mr Quigly, a very thin financial journalist with a taste for Pisco Sours, who is clearly concerned with matters less innocuous than economics. The Captain by now has allied himself with the Sandinistas, though, characteristically unforthcoming, he doesn't make any declaration to this effect. Jim, before leaving England, has had some journalistic experience after discovering in himself a faculty for make-believe akin to the Captain's.

Deceit, and its purposes, loom large in this short fiction in which various patterns begin to emerge through a structure apparently as simple and clear-cut as that of an old-time adventure story. We find, for example, a moral pattern and also an ironic one, with the ending harking back to the comic espionage motif of *Our Man in Havana*.

The Captain and the Enemy is Graham Greene's twenty-third novel, and it shows him still in command of the style he perfected nearly 60 years ago—detached, clear, vivid and unostentatious. In some mysterious way, he gains his most powerful effects by playing down the odder of his ingredients.

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TVPM

LIVE FROM NUMBER 10: THE INSIDE STORY OF PRIME MINISTERS AND TELEVISION
Michael Cockerell
Faber £14.95

Michael Leapman

Though we are still only on the threshold of the long-anticipated new age of broadcasting, this lively and informative book already has a quaint, old-fashioned feel to it. All prime ministers since Anthony Eden have been persuaded to take account of their television image and have sought ways of manipulating the broadcasters to their advantage. In the days when the BBC and ITV were the only games in town and the nation was forced to watch party political broadcasts or—horror—not to watch anything at all, that preoccupation with television was understandable, even if never fully borne out by election results. (If on-screen performance were all, how did Sir Alec Douglas-Home come so close to beating Harold Wilson in 1964, and how did Ted Heath win in 1970?)

With the promised lighter-touch regulation and a multiplicity of available channels, politicians will have fewer opportunities to elbow their way into our living rooms. The days when Downing Street press secretaries can ring Lime Grove and book an interview on next week's *Panorama* are coming to an end, partly because I suspect that *Panorama* and its worthy ITV equivalents will not be with us much longer in their present format: *Weekend World* has already bitten the dust.

Even if the BBC still has to offer the traditional facilities to politicians as the price of keeping its maintained status, the competition from satellite, cable and terrestrial channels will ensure that only spouses and sycophants are watching. And when the proceedings of the House of Commons finally appear on our screens, they are sure to replace the studio interview as the main means for politicians to impress the plebs.

That will be a healthy development, because it cannot make for good government when our leaders spend much of their time conducting vendettas against the broadcasting authorities, accusing them of bias in the face of real or imagined slights. Nor does it make for good broadcasting. Interviewers react either by excessive obsequiousness or by picking quarrels with the politicians in order to assert their independence: neither course helps the viewer understand the issues being discussed.

Of the two main parties, Labour has always been the more suspicious of television. In a 15-minute election broadcast in 1955, Clement Attlee gave such terse answers to the interviewer that all 28 prepared questions were used up in five minutes. As Cockerell notes: "Attlee's technique for discountenancing a hostile interviewer might have been highly effective, but he was using it against his own side." The same year, Labour reluctantly allowed television cameras into its party conference, a year after the Conservatives had blazed the trail. When Edith Summerskill, the conference chairman, mentioned the cameras, delegates booed and hissed. On the morning of the live broadcast, she sported a wide-brimmed hat and others on the platform wore dark glasses as protection against the lights, making them look like gangsters.

Mention of the media is still a sure-fire way of provoking boos and hisses at Labour conferences. Harold Wilson was the first Labour leader to be thoroughly at ease on the box, but his initial flirtation with the broadcasters turned to paranoia as he became convinced of a BBC plot against him. In 1974 he even complained about an episode of *Steptoe and Son* where Harold Steptoe went out with a woman named Marcia Wigley. Wilson thought that the coincidence of first names amounted to an imputation that he had an improper relationship with his political secretary, Marcia Williams.

As politics came more and more to be conducted on television, professional image-makers played an increasingly influential role. Of recent prime ministers only one, the curmudgeonly Heath, held out against them—and paid the price. Desperate to create some kind of image for this churlish bachelor, his advisers suggested he should buy a racehorse: it had worked, after all, for Churchill. Heath pointed out that he couldn't afford it, and what if it lost?

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He finally settled for a yacht, but still stood firm against the attempt to invest him with any dashing qualities. When he was persuaded to take a young woman on board with him, he quashed romantic speculation by explaining testily: "She's only the cook."

Margaret Thatcher has assiduously cultivated her screen image and has been more insistent than her predecessors in attempts to pressurise the broadcasters. Paradoxically her government's moves to deregulate the airwaves will render it less able to manipulate political coverage and impose moral values, despite the creation of the Broadcasting Standards Council. Cockerell points to this "evident contradiction between what could be called the Milton Friedman side of Mrs Thatcher's brain and the Mary Whitehouse side" but he does not explore the subject further.

A former BBC man, he clearly expects us to be on the side of the broadcasters against government interference, yet he does not argue the case or make any predictions about the future course of relations between the two. Apparently he felt obliged to show in this book the balance and objectivity expected of him when he was a *Panorama* reporter: within these self-imposed limits he has done a useful and excellent job.

Theroux in China

RIDING THE IRON ROOSTER: BY TRAIN THROUGH CHINA
Paul Theroux
Hamish Hamilton £14.95

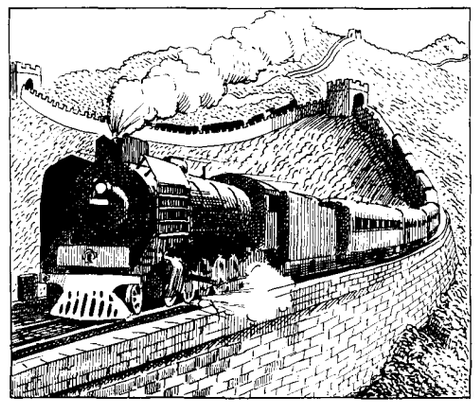
Elizabeth Wright

Paul Theroux is a man who travels unburdened by illusions—a rare gift, and especially so in the case of those who travel to China. For centuries people from the west have imbued the Chinese with virtues in the abstract, and then on arrival in the country blame the Chinese for not living up to expectations. Or, even worse, interpret every word and action, which would be considered a normal part of human behaviour when observed anywhere else in the world, as possessing an almost mystical significance. No danger of that with Paul Theroux.

Theroux spent a year travelling through China. It was not his first visit, but the second journey came at a time when the reforms which started in China a decade ago had gathered huge momentum. Apart from one never-to-be-repeated plane journey, Paul Theroux travelled by train (including the eponymous Iron Rooster) across vast tracts of country, sometimes revisiting a place. Though diesel is gradually taking over, many Chinese trains are still pulled by steam locomotives. The journeys are long and slow, taking the traveller through some of the most monotonous, and some of the most beautiful scenery the country has to offer.

Travelling in China one meets an extraordinary variety of people, from Chinese generals to salesmen of dubious morality, and Paul Theroux makes every attempt to communicate with them, with a greater or lesser degree of success. One irritating problem one always encounters with people writing about their China travels, when they have some knowledge of the language (and Theroux has learnt some), is that one is never sure whether a conversation has taken place in Chinese or in English.

Despite his complete lack of sentiment about the Chinese and China, Paul Theroux does make considerable attempts to understand them. Not by gazing into their souls, but by looking into their handbags and wallets to seek, among the detritus which we all carry, what forms their


Francis Mosley

thoughts and their lives. Like all foreigners travelling in China, Theroux is appalled by the Chinese obsession with food. Even when disaster threatens from all sides, a meal must not be missed. Understandable, perhaps, in a country in which famine is a recent memory.

Paul Theroux notes the squalor of the country, but dispassionately. He enjoys the chaotic companionship of the long train journeys, often many days at a time. His eye for squalor is as sharp as his eye for beauty, and some of his descriptions of the countryside are extraordinarily lyrical and apt. Tibet captures him as it does most westerners, though the journey to Lhasa, with Theroux driving the limping car after the Chinese driver has crashed it, is the acme of discomfort. Though Paul Theroux doesn't really like the Chinese—with some exceptions—or their social system, the cheerfulness, toughness and straightforwardness of the Tibetans have instant appeal. The book ends with a prayer that he may return to Tibet.

The book is least readable when the author is most worried about being recognised (by his western travelling companions) as the well-known author, Paul Theroux. But once he starts to travel on his own, or with a Chinese minder, that self-obsession diminishes, and then one can really appreciate Theroux on China. He writes sharply and with his usual ability to extricate the essence of a mood or a conversation. There are flashes of real humour, and passages of depression. Sometimes there is a sameness about *yet another* train journey, and I don't think that the book would have lost anything by being shorter. But anyone who has travelled in China will empathise with the author and those who have not will get an acute, unsentimental and often beautiful picture of the country.

From new girl to prefect

LADY IN THE LORDS
Jane Ewart-Biggs
Weidenfeld & Nicolson £14.95

Mary Warnock

Perhaps it is a mistake for someone like myself, a fairly new and female member of the House of Lords, to review this book. I have to declare an interest. Reading Jane Ewart-Biggs's opening chapters is a bit like reading the diary of someone who started at the same school, but a few years ahead; who was at first equally ignorant, bewildered, in fear of making a fool of herself; who met nearly all the same people playing the same roles. We all enjoy reading about what we have been through, and the sense of recognition is one of the great charms both of novels and of autobiographies.

But, of course, Lady Ewart-Biggs was not a new girl for long. Indeed she emerged remarkably soon as a prefect, with a genuine authority of her own, deriving from her commitment to the unfortunate, her industry, her directness of speech and, I have to say, from her boney and elegant appearance. All these (except the last) are chronicled in this book.

Yet there is a curious ineptitude about it. It was never clear to me whether the purpose of the book was to explain what the House of Lords is like (as she herself puts it, "I wish to guide the reader down its corridors to marvel at the many architectural beauties and then lead him into the Chamber to eavesdrop on debates and become acquainted with some of the outstanding characters") or to write an autobiography.

A true autobiography aims to tell and make sense of the story of a life, whether the life has been "interesting" in the accepted sense of the word, or quiet and humdrum. But Lady Ewart-Biggs's avowed aim of instructing the uninitiated runs counter to this. We are in the position of a good, eager Women's Institute party, being shown round, and are baffled and a bit embarrassed by the sudden and insufficiently explained intrusion of the personal into the explanatory and gently humorous discourse.

As the book goes on it becomes, understandably, increasingly like other memoirs, an account of a busy political life, with many quotations from Hansard and a few explanatory notes. But because the notes are sometimes of a quite homely kind, the result contains more than a hint of Mr Pooter. Not that Lady Ewart-Biggs is boastful. Far from it. But the very ordinariness of her stories, and her apparent pleasure in their conclusions, occasionally suggests "They all Roared".

In her last chapter, "Future Uncertain", Lady Ewart-Biggs raises some realistic and constitutionally serious questions about the future of the upper house. From the opposition benches she has been outraged, as many of the cross-benchers have, by the power of the govern-

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THE LETTERS OF T.S. ELIOT.

The 19th September witnesses the long awaited publication of the letters of T.S Eliot, exclusively in THE TIMES. 100 years after his birth, discover the remarkable truth about the man who became the most powerful influence on British Literature in the 20th century.

THE TIMES

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ment, in the end, to win a vote by whipping in those hereditary peers who seldom or never appear except when so instructed, and who know nothing whatsoever about the subject of the debate. There were several such occasions in the troubled passage of the recent education bill through the House. It is hard at such times not to despair of the system.

She is also very conscious of the difficulties of those members of the house who are not wealthy, but who take up a virtually full-time legislative job, with no more than their daily attendance allowance to support them. Thus in the end, and half-reluctantly, she concludes: "Parliament now needs a modern, more professional second chamber, in keeping with most other western democracies." She is probably right, and she argues her case well. But as she also says, this is not likely to happen for a long time; and for the time being, until radical changes can be effected, the present ramshackle arrangements work on the whole remarkably well.

Return to Casaquemada

A CASUAL BRUTALITY
Neil Bissoondath
Bloomsbury £12.95

Hanif Kureishi

I thought Neil Bissoondath's first collection of short stories, *Digging Up the Mountains*, was excellent. So it fascinated me to see whether this writer who had attained such cool ease over 200 metres could raise the stamina, distance and kicks of speed required for the 10,000 metres of his first novel. The answer is yes and no.

A Casual Brutality is the story, told in carefully assembled fragments, of Raj Ramsingh, a young and intelligent man of Indian extraction, growing up on the Caribbean island—"shaped like an inverted tear drop"—of Casaquemada. As a sort of wild suburb of the first world after years of colonial rule, Casaquemada is a place to leave, not a place to take over your grandfather's store. Raj, brought up by his grandparents (beautifully drawn by Bissoondath) decides to go west, to Canada, and learn to be a doctor.

It was to Toronto that Bissoondath himself went, on his uncle Vidia's advice; and it is with V.S. Naipaul's imprimatur that his nephew's book unsurprisingly comes. Apparently uncle Vidia warned young Neil against England as "a place without a future" and said "the United States is too big and will swallow you up."

In Canada Raj lives in the house of a French-Canadian woman neglected by her racist children. In this prosperous, democratic country, the old are criminally neglected. There is a powerful, moving scene in the Pleasure Dome, a glorified old people's home, where the old woman ends up, when Raj goes to visit her. He is jolted by how unfeeling the west is, by how merely functional people are.

Nearby, in a girlie bar, Raj meets his future wife Jan and she seduces him at a party. Raj himself seems to want nothing; things just happen to him. Consequently he never has much feeling for Jan and she has little for him; in fact Raj never has much feeling for anyone and is an irritatingly reserved person.

Raj fails, as well, to connect with Canada and, under the influence of a reformer who argues that the intelligent should return and do what they can for the nascent nation, the native returns to Casaquemada with wife and child. A once flourishing place, after a sugar and then an oil boom, the island is now firmly in the throes of a bad case of Naipaulitis: there is decay, corruption, sordor, filth and revolution everywhere.

Bissoondath brilliantly brings this alive through a range of characters: the old school friend now turned policeman and connoisseur of torture; Grappler, his much loved disillusioned uncle and member of the oddly absent government, once a man of independence who now says, "maybe independence for us just meant the right to loot ourselves"; and an assortment of no-good gun-toters, amateur astrologers and politicians fond of electric sex-dolls. The island, perhaps "a failed experiment in nationhood", is a sinister place, violent and out of control due to an army revolt. Things start to close in on Raj and his family. In this burning place where to have integrity is to be radically foolish, where honesty is impossible, not required, the book builds to a shattering climax.

Like Naipaul, Bissoondath is excellent at atmosphere, at place, at detail, but—again like Naipaul—he is not good at creating convincing women. This is unfortunate: a terrible marriage getting worse is bang at the centre of this novel and Bissoondath just lacks, say, Updike's ability to give the tedious intricacies of love's failure some resonance and humour. (It's interesting that in an essay on Naipaul, Updike points out that "love affairs in Naipaul's fiction tend to culminate in some physical abuse of the woman", which is precisely what happens here too.)

The foreground of *A Casual Brutality* is curiously unpeopled and flat, the writing stern and overcontrolled, but the background teems with life. As a result, this novel, so full, so dramatic and necessary, seems too long and frequently unfocussed.

Mogadon man

GEOFFREY HOWE: A QUIET REVOLUTIONARY
Judy Hillman and Peter Clarke
Weidenfeld & Nicolson £12.95

James Stephenson

Geoffrey Howe is the George Bush of British politics. At the heart of government for almost a decade, he remains a strangely elusive figure. As with Bush, the observer is left wondering "Where was Geoff?"

This biography is clearly an attempt to rescue Howe from his elevated anonymity. Judy Hillman is described as a friend of Howe's from Bow Group days. Clarke, a "dedicated free market campaigner", is a self-confessed fan of his subject. A hostile biography is hardly to be expected.

The book is for the most part a gentle swing through the staging posts in Howe's establishment career. The son of a Port Talbot solicitor, he has made all the right moves: Winchester, the army, Cambridge, the Bow Group, the bar and parliament, with a knighthood along the way.

Hillman and Clarke try largely in vain to avoid damning Howe with faint praise. He was a tremendous listener, one friend from Winchester recalls. Another remembers his capacity to get by on four hours sleep a night, the mark of Thatcherite political virility. He is a "lawyer's lawyer", we are (twice) told.

What is more, he is a "quiet revolutionary". This description is never substantiated. Indeed, the only time that Howe is castigated in this anodyne book is for his advocacy of "the authentic voice of corparatist authoritarianism", as Minister for Trade and Consumer Affairs after 1972. Heath's was the government which promised the Quiet Revolution. Howe *was* a Heathite, but he would run a mile from that tag now.

Howe is not interesting for who he is, but for what he has done. As Solicitor General in the Heath government, he was responsible for piloting the Industrial Relations Act through parliament. His biographers charitably describe this in the introduction as the "first attempt to bring trade unions back within the law". It only emerges later that the attempt was a complete fiasco.

The political style of the future Chancellor and Foreign Secretary was by then fully developed. Vic Feather, General Secretary of the TUC, said, "Geoffrey Howe may try to defeat us by tedium, but he will not mesmerise us into oblivion." Political insults have fixed Howe in the public mind ever since. Without his decade-long duet with Dennis Healey, Howe's anonymity would have been even more complete. He will long be remembered as a "dead sheep" and Mogadon Man.

One former cabinet colleague described Howe as being like a tank going through water in the face of Mrs Thatcher's onslaughts. A punchbag might be a more apt simile. Through assault after assault he just keeps hanging in there.

What this biography lacks is any fresh insight into the role of Howe in government. Political anecdote is almost totally absent. Instead, we are given long extracts from 30 year old Bow Group pamphlets and later speeches. Missing, for instance, is Howe's notable riposte to Neil Kinnock's 1986 Labour Party conference speech. Kinnock said that he would die for his country but would not allow his country to die for him. Howe retorted that his country might die *because* of him. One is left feeling almost sorry for Howe. With biographers like these who need enemies?

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A shocking story

LIKE MOTHER
Jenny Diski
Bloomsbury £12.95

Kirsty Milne

Jenny Diski knows how to shock her readers, but she also knows how to train them in shock-absorption. The narrator of her latest novel is a baby without a brain—an "anhyranencephalic", born with a maximum life expectancy of two years. Frances, her mother, calls the baby Nony (short for Nonentity). "An empty skull made sense to her."

Nony narrates her mother's story to an imaginary auditor, but it is Frances—manipulative, heartless, ruthless—who dominates the book. Frances as a perfect little girl in a party sash harbouring fantasies of wickedness inside her; Frances mesmerising a boy on a bombsite with the sexual allure of a woman who doesn't care.

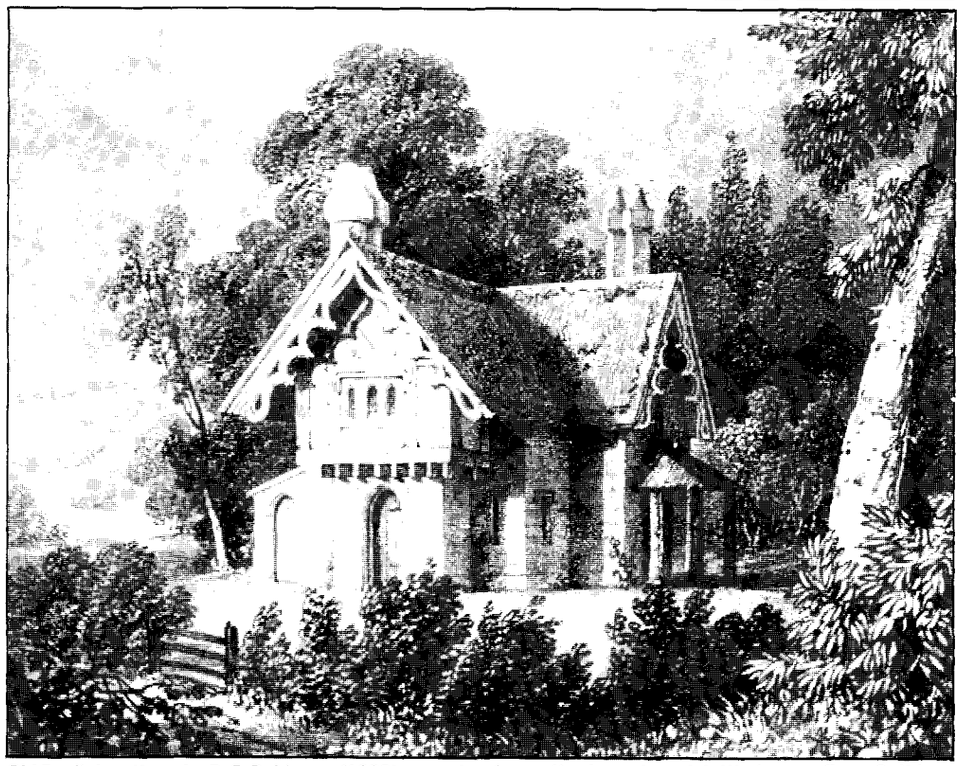
As she grows up, Frances escapes from the sordid disintegration of her parents' wartime marriage into a world of private emotional nihilism. Leaving the alcohol and the recriminations behind she becomes a dancer, relishing the physical discipline as an act of pure control, stripping down the body to its bare essentials.

For Frances, conceiving a baby without a brain has its own perverse logic. She refuses an abortion, resisting the advice and risking the disapproval of everyone around her, including the baby's father. Nony, quick to defend her mother, explains: "I bounced back at her what she knew about herself. The image of her emptiness."

Like mother like daughter. Frances shares certain characteristics with her creator: a gift for discomforting those around her, an almost paranoid shrinking from sentimentality. You cannot fault Jenny Diski for the ease and originality of her writing. But her book remains disturbing, not least for the coolly observed suffering which haunts its pages. Stuart, once the small boy on the bomb site, loves Frances with an obsessive anguish and waits in vain for her to love him in return. She manipulates him, rejects him and eventually marries him—only to produce a parody of the maternal love he so longed to see.

"Of course I had a father," says Nony to her imaginary friend. "It's just that he wanted me dead. I can understand that. Everyone did except mother. It makes her a little special to me." Frances's story is framed by these whispered conversations in the dark, Nony's exchanges with an amused and avuncular listener. Together they probe the limits of solipsism ("You, you're just a dream I thought I'd have... I need you to imagine the world I have no commerce with").

Rather too neatly, Frances turns out to have been a writer herself, and the possibility arises that "Frances's story" is a story *by* Frances as well as a story about her. Like a true modern, Jenny Diski exposes her own novel for the artifice it is. The reader is thus shielded from the disturbing impact of a powerful imagination.



Old English cottage by P. F. Robinson (1833): massive decorative bargeboard, jettied upper floor, Gothic door and window heads

The triumph of rusticity

DREAM COTTAGES: FROM COTTAGE ORNEE TO STOCKBROKER TUDOR
Sutherland Lyall
Robert Hale £15.95

Colin Ward

Our greatest rural novelist happened to be trained as an architect, and when he could at last afford to move back into the country from Tooting, he built himself a tall, bleak urban villa which made no concessions at all to local style, local traditions or local materials. Nothing could have been further from anybody's dream cottage.

Thomas Hardy was such an exception that he proves the point that Sutherland Lyall is making in this handsomely illustrated survey which he sums up as "200 years of the cult of the vernacular". The big surprise is the sheer number of antecedents who have left their traces all around us. There's the inheritance from the landscape designers, inspired by the paintings of Poussin and Claude, who always had room in the corner for a hermitage, grotto or hovel or a peasant bower in the woods like Adam's leafy home in the Garden of Eden.

Then there's the ornamental cottage, also designed for its place in the landscape, but intended for real occupants, whether old retainers or maiden aunts. It inspired a huge illustrated literature and hundreds of real-life examples. There followed the Swiss cottage, "home of the Noble Savage", as Lyall puts it, with widespread roofs and overhanging eaves, widespread balconies and echoes, not just of William Tell, but of Polish, Norwegian and even Russian timber-framed buildings.

The Italianate style followed, pantiles, low-pitched roofs and all together the ideal *villa rustica*. By this time we were moving into the period of model villages, to rehouse just a fraction of the rural population from the hideously damp, dark and overcrowded rural slums that had been their normal inheritance.

After that the whims of individual landlords (coupled with the agricultural depression which made land available) were overtaken by the rediscovery of local traditions in domestic architecture and public involvement in housing. Lutyens and Voysey at one level, Parker and Unwin at another, revived the cottage tradition which was written into government housing policy.

The modern movement took over, with a series of disasters, but now we are back in a neo-vernacular mood, literally from Land's End to Thurso, and I see all around me an approach not just to public or private housing but to supermarkets, sports centres, office blocks and every other kind of building. The cottage style is, apparently, all-conquering, as Sutherland Lyall's extraordinary photographs of the "casbah" on the Odham's site in Covent Garden, or of Port-Grimaud in France, or of South Woodham Ferrers in Essex or new Italianate flats at Milton Keynes, clearly demonstrate.

Are we worried about this? Lyall is detached. He simply comments that the wheel has come full-circle and we now have "peasant-style housing for 20th-century improvidents". But today it is only the well-heeled who can buy those dream cottages whose ancestry he describes with a nice, delicate irony.

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Great expectations

THE LOST FATHER: A NOVEL
Marina Warner
Chatto & Windus £11.95

Carole Angier

This should have been a good novel. Perhaps it is a good novel; maybe it's just me it misses. But it missed me badly.

It is, I think, very ambitious. Its themes are ambitious: changing lives, especially women's; life and art; the possibility, or impossibility, of memory and truth. Its narrative structure is extremely ambitious. It moves back and forth between 1985, the 1910s and the 1930s; between the narrator's present voice, bits of her novel about her Italian family, and extracts from her grandfather's diary. It is ambitious in language, in imagery, in cast of characters. And all these ambitions signal to us noisily. They do not grow naturally out of the novel; they *are* the novel. They set up great expectations, which then remain unsatisfied.

There are still some satisfactions to be had. The two characters for whom the narrator, Anna, feels most, her mother Fantina and her "lost" grandfather, Davide, have life and depth. The details of poor women's lives ring true: how everything must be repaired and re-used; how all things—feathers, peel, hair—"were returned into the rushing stream of change". The sudden doubt at the end is effective: was the key to Davide's life the legendary duel, after all, or was it really the political battle Anna only learns of in the last pages? Is the story of her family the story of love and sex she's written here, or has she missed the point altogether?

These things are interesting. But the rest... There are too many characters—two generations of Italian sisters—who remain too thin, and whose talk is often too similar and too literary. The narrative voice itself is irritatingly self-conscious. On the one hand it tends to coy neologisms—"sudsy" and "smiley", "bendy" and "blobby", "cottony" and "crepey"; on the other and to show-off dictionary words like "fleering" and "skirling", "tufa" and "hyphae" and "sanies". Marina Warner tries too hard; and often she misses. Trees don't pass by a walker "like the falling pages of a book"; and you can't say (when someone withdraws) that the "shell door slammed", because shells don't have doors.

Above all, there's something wrong with the rhythm of this book. Digressions (like Franco's opera) bulk as large as Davide's duel; for a long time the story seems to be his sister Rosa's, until we lose her in America and never see her again. Marina Warner's ear is off. Her part three begins: "I borrowed Auntie Lucia's fuschia Porsche". Even if you don't read Porsche the German way that's the worst line I've read for years.

Muddy waters

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIFE
Alger Hiss
Unwin Hyman £12.95

Clive Davis

A torrent of books and monographs on Alger Hiss has appeared over the past 40 years, yet the truth about the affair seems more and more elusive. These long-awaited memoirs might have been expected to clear up the confusion one way or the other. Ultimately, though, they leave the water more muddied than ever, if only because Hiss appears more interested in recounting happier memories of childhood and his early days as a high-flying lawyer. The question of whether he actually was a Soviet agent in the State Department occupies only the last third of this sketchy book.

Convicted of perjury in 1950, Hiss spent nearly four years in prison. After his release he eventually found work as a salesman. At 83, he is still pleading his innocence, claiming he was a victim of anti-Soviet hysteria. His accuser, the ex-communist Whittaker Chambers, was awarded a posthumous Medal of Freedom by Ronald Reagan in 1984.

Hiss's campaign for rehabilitation has met with mixed success in recent years. The Massachusetts supreme court made a gesture of sorts in 1975 when it voted unanimously to re-admit him to the bar. The previous year he also had the satisfaction of seeing his main adversary from the 1940s, Richard Nixon, forced out of the White House. As a young congressman, Nixon had built a career on the way he pursued Hiss through the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

On the debit side, Hiss's petition for a writ of error was finally turned down by the Supreme Court in 1983. Even more significant, perhaps, was the publication five years earlier of Allan Weinstein's extensive study, *Perjury*, which concluded that Whittaker Chambers was telling the truth when he testified that Hiss had passed on documents to him during the 1930s. (It is worth pointing out that Weinstein, when he began work on the book, believed in Hiss's innocence.)

Recollections of a Life defiantly summarises evidence gained under the Freedom of Information Act, which strongly suggests that the FBI manipulated important evidence at Hiss's two trials. None of this, however, appears to have convinced the Supreme Court.

It has to be said, too, that the overall account is often disingenuous, to say the least. Here was surely an opportunity, for instance, to rebut Weinstein's findings point by point. Instead the issue is dismissed in eight and a half lines; there are scornful references to Weinstein's "scholarly trappings" but nothing of substance. This is all the more frustrating when Hiss is prepared to devote chapter after chapter to mundane descriptions of student life, holidays in France and fleeting encounters with Molotov and H.G. Wells. The real questions, once again, go unanswered.

A good man

JOURNEY CONTINUED
Alan Paton
Oxford University Press £14.95

Alan Judd

The second half of Alan Paton's autobiography begins in 1948 with the publication of *Cry, the Beloved Country* and ends just before Paton's death this year. It covers the bulk of his writing and the whole of his political career. Anyone looking for a writer may be disappointed; but perseverance will find a man who does not disappoint. You may also learn quite a lot about South Africa.

The year 1948 also saw the National Party's election and this is partly why Paton the writer sometimes seems an appendage to Paton the politician, moralist and Christian. He described the three main themes of his life as his love of literature, his political activities (he founded the South African Liberal Party) and his Christianity. Each informs the others and though the result is a life of unusual fulfilment his writing must, I think, have suffered. For all his power and sincerity, it is debatable whether Paton was really a master of imaginative literature. But he was a lot else.

Early on there are banalities and even occasional visitations by the ghost of Mr Pooter. "Myself, I thought it was rather witty," says Paton of one of his own rejoinders. He ends a chapter with: "I conclude by quoting an entry in my diary... Dorrie had pasted in a small, blue printed slip, 'Today is my wife's birthday.' And under that she had written, 'And don't forget it'."

Yet it changes. Literary endeavour, 15 years of security police harassment, the tragic moral decline of his country, lay preaching and family responsibilities combine to produce the unity of belief and action characteristic of that always surprising creation, the good man.

Throughout his life Paton opposed hatred with reasonableness, only in old age to find himself lumped with those he had fought by latecomers keen to inflict suffering from a distance. "The burden of apartheid," he noted sadly, "is now an albatross about my own neck." Earlier he had more trenchantly noted that "it is easier for white people to act morally when they are in the majority."

Being reasonable has none of the advantages of ruthless simplicity. But Paton stuck it out when others didn't and, Pooter notwithstanding, sincerity illuminates his book. He could perhaps have been a martyr, but chose the harder path.

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Model based on Bunuel's designs for *Un Chien Andalou* (1928) on display at MOMI

The South Bank time-machine

New museums are opening up at the rate of one a fortnight. Paddy Scannell on bringing the pleasure of film and television to the South Bank

The Museum of the Moving Image, which opens this week, is the outcome of 10 years of planning and fundraising by the British Film Institute. It is, in essence, an exhibition devoted to film and television, two central elements of 20th-century culture, whose critical study has long been promoted by the BFI. The problems posed by the project from the beginning raised questions about what a museum is, how it relates to the public, and what version of history and society it presents.

The new museums of recent years have tried to overcome a prevalent image of museums as dull, forbidding and unconnected with the present. To do this they have tried to transform a visit to the museum from an ordeal into a pleasure. They have aimed for greater authenticity and participation for visitors through the use of actors in period dress, role play, working exhibits, actuality in sound and smell and open-air, multi-site exhibitions. They have been spurred on by the need to attract a paying customer, for the growth industry in museums has shifted from the public to the private sector.

Mrs Thatcher encouraged this shift by attempting to impose admission charges on the old public museums and giving support to corporate funding and sponsorship of new ones. In the process the old educative role of the museum has given way to a view of it as part of the leisure and tourist industries.

The idea for a museum of film and television was first proposed over 10 years ago by Leslie Hardcastle who runs the South Bank complex, but it did not take off until Anthony Smith became Director of the BFI in 1979. Smith's fundraising efforts were the key to translating the idea into a reality. £10m was raised to fund the creation of the exhibition, largely from cor-

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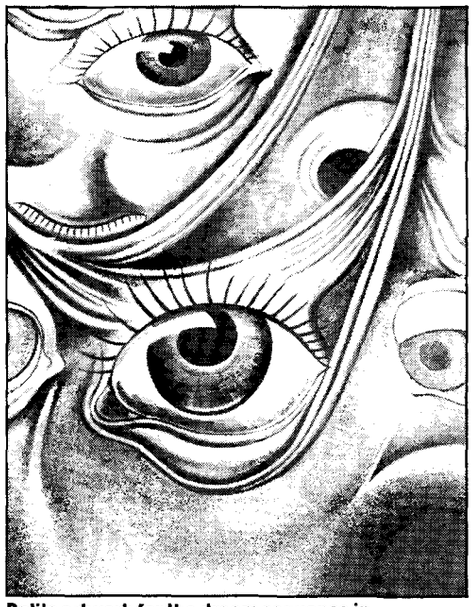
porate donations, with J Paul Getty Jnr and Sir Yue-Kong Pao as the biggest individual benefactors. But the continuing running and administrative costs of MOMI must be met from admission charges. Adults pay £3.50 for a tour of the exhibition which normally takes an hour and a half. How has the need to draw and entertain the public been balanced with that critical, educative approach to film and television to which the BFI is committed?

It is, as you would expect of an exhibition dealing with contemporary culture, high tech and futuristic in its presentation. The building itself is a scaled-down version of the Pompidou Centre. There is much stress on the state of the art laser technology that allows over a thousand film and television extracts to be shown continuously throughout the exhibition, for this is not a re-creation of the technological development of film and television but of the images that encapsulate the history, the imagination and the pleasure of the century.

The exhibition begins with a brief prehistory of the moving image: an 18th-century French shadow play, a collection of 19th-century toys with weird names—the praxinoscope, phenakistoscope, thaumatrope and zoetrope—that created the illusion of movement. The machines can be played with and there is an actor in the role of an early experimenter to explain the beginnings of film. This is a prelude to a compressed, but remarkably varied display of the historical development of the cinema from the point at which it took off in the 1920s.

Entry to the cinema exhibition is by a staircase canopied by a miniature Graeco-Roman temple whose roof, inlaid with a mosaic of Hollywood stars, is supported by the gods and goddesses of the silent screen. At the top of the stairs, a shop-front displays Chaplin memorabilia, and to the left a replica of an agit-prop train carriage complete with a Bolshevik guard. Inside, clips from post-revolutionary agit prop film



Dali's artwork for the dream sequence in Hitchcock's *Spellbound*

may be seen along with extracts from Eisenstein and Dziga-Vertov. French, German and British cinema of the interwar period are well represented, both in cased exhibits and in screened extracts. An international perspective on seminal developments in film styles and techniques is carefully maintained.

Two set pieces are central to the cinematic part of the exhibition—one offering the experience of film making, the other of film going. A mock-up of a Hollywood studio, dominated by a massive camera crane, has a functioning wardrobe department and make-up room and an on-set director attempting to keep it all under control. Film going in Britain, in its heyday, is reconstructed in an imitation Odeon of the late thirties, with commissionaire and usherettes marshalling you to a seat in which to view clips from golden British oldies. All the actors—most of whom are concentrated in the cinematic section—have been trained in the characters they portray. They are there partly to manage the flow of people through the exhibition and partly as sources of information about the exhibits they supervise—an idea borrowed from the Wigan Pier Heritage Centre as another means of creating audience participation.

Television begins in the fifties, and its advent heralds the collapse of the dominance of cinema as the major entertainment resource of modern societies. A little tableau of a family of the fifties watching television—Mum standing at the ironing, Dad in an armchair with a tv dinner on his knees, and their daughter lying on the floor beside the family dog—encapsulates the everyday quality of television. Its pleasures are ordinary, its informational role greater than cinema. Cinema is outside the routines of daily life. Television is enmeshed in them.

So it seems apt that the television section has more in the way of interactive and role playing opportunities. You can be interviewed by Barry Norman and see an instant replay of yourself answering his questions. You can try your hand as a news reporter for ITN's *News At Ten*, or be chroma-keyed into flying over the Thames. The young have a giant video-juke box from which to select brief videos on aspects of youth culture. The old or curmudgeonly can interact with Alf Garnett. Choose from a stock of topics that range from museums to the monarch and yer actual Alf will pop up on the screen to sound off about it in his own inimitable fashion.

The final stages of the exhibition look to the future with a sci-fi projection of future developments by Arthur C Clarke who predicts that images will come directly into the brain via an electronic implant that makes the eye redundant. There is much more to the exhibition than this brief account can convey; more in the way of hands-on experiences and more in the plethora of images from past and present. An enormous variety of things to look at and things to do has been ingeniously packed into a small space and a limited time span.

MOMI can be taken at three levels. It has a historical, factual role, particularly in tracing developments in cinema which will be useful for schools and media studies at GCSE and beyond. When it gets run in, it is sure to be enormous fun, and a magnet for families with bored children in the holidays. And it has, lightly but deftly, a critical edge to it. A television monitor invites you to guess if what you're looking at is fact or fiction to underline the blurring of their boundaries by sophisticated drama and documentary techniques. There's a mock up of Number Ten and a bank of monitors running clips of the projected TV self-image of prime ministers from Harold Macmillan to the present incumbent. And there, in a window, we get a glimpse of Herself, courtesy of a Luck and Flaw full-size mobile puppet, working at her desk. Suddenly the television lights come on, and she looks up instantly to switch on her made-for-TV smile for the cameras and the crowds. So you might come away not only with a memory of a thousand and one images, but an idea or two about their power to manipulate reality.

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Cinema

Missionary sex

Suzanne Moore on feminist evangelism at work in the censorship debate

Agatha becomes excessively jealous of Jo in *She Must Be Seeing Things*

Now that *The Last Temptation of Christ* has been officially declared Art with a capital A, we can all relax. Well everyone that is except a few senile bishops and the picketing nuns from the Evangelical Sisterhood of Mary who still want a film that they have never seen banned. Unfortunately though, calls for censorship come in all shapes and sizes and another kind of evangelical sisterhood has been at work recently protesting at Shelia McLaughlin's latest film. The film in question **She Must Be Seeing Things** has already caused quite a stir: because when it was shown at a lesbian summer school a group of women tried to smash the projector and destroy the film.

A film that explores sexual jealousy, voyeurism, dominance and submission— all within the context of a lesbian relationship—certainly sounds like hot stuff, doesn't it? But as so often happens the issues surrounding *She Must Be Seeing Things* are far hotter than the film itself.

The "story", such as it is, centres on Agatha, a black civil rights lawyer who finds a diary detailing her lover Jo's previous relationships with men. She becomes obsessively jealous, imagining that Jo is having affairs with men left, right and centre. Jo, a flirty blonde, is oblivious to all this as she is absorbed in directing a film about Catalina a seventeenth-century nun who spent her life disguised as a man. If you think this sounds pretty naff you would be right.

The main problem is that nothing really happens and what does happen is rather charmless and lacking in wit. This may be because the film self-consciously foregrounds certain ideas derived from a psychoanalytically informed brand of film studies. "Screen theory" has been sucessful in asking fundamental questions of cinema that many other kinds of criticism simply cannot tackle: Why do we get pleasure from watching films? How is that pleasure structured? And, most significantly, what is the role of gender and fantasy in that pleasure?

She Must Be Seeing Things, however, highlights the failures and absences of such theories by focussing on the pleasures of voyeurism, and by questioning the relations of activity and passivity between women. Can women be voyeurs too? What does it mean to turn yourself into an object for another woman? Is it really different for girls? So the film is stuffed full of mirrors, windows, cameras and, if you get aroused by a bit of theory made flesh, this is the film for you. But I couldn't help feeling that you will actually find as complicated a relay of looks, *mise-en-scene* and playfulness in the average Madonna video. If, on the other hand, you were hoping to get aroused by seeing what lesbians do in bed you may be disappointed. There is a line in the film that goes "cliches can be sexy too". Yes, but they still remain cliches.

Nonetheless, this rather mild film has aroused violent emotions in some women. The scenes which are clearly Agatha's fantasies have been denounced as "pornographic". She imagines Jo being killed in what looks like a series of rejected Cindy Sherman stills; and worse, she imagines Jo making love with men. It seems that to suggest that lesbian relationships are shot through with heterosexual imagery and conditioning and that all sexuality is bound up with power, dependancy, dominance and submission is anathema to some radical feminists. They would prefer to believe in an essential femininity somehow sealed off in a vacuum and untainted by the nasty old male libido. Sex should be soft-focus, sentimental and loving devoid of vulgarity, aggression, messiness or any of the things that actually make sex sexy. But the trouble with this new "missionary position" is that, as Eileen Willis has said, the concept of sex and eroticism is not feminist but *feminine*. It ends up as an equally repressive fantasy and, if we cannot explore female sexuality in what is clearly a feminist film, where can we?

Fantasy, however, is exactly what the anti-porn "sex-cops" will not deal with. Yet *She Must Be Seeing Things* is too calculated to be sucessful on this score—it is *about* fantasy rather than being in any way fantastic.

If you want something quite fantastic and totally uninhibited by any notions of taste—political or personal—go and see *Hold Me While I'm Naked: The Perverse Comedies of George Kuchar*. The work of this underground filmmaker has to be seen to be believed. Lurid, amateurish and unashamedly voyeuristic, Kuchar's method is like watching Douglas Sirk on speed. It dispenses with all the boring bits of B movie melodrama and goes for a gang bang of climaxes. Mad, deliriously funny, full of lust and self-disgust, these short films are strangely moving, and because Kuchar does not censor himself they do have the disturbing power of a private fantasy.

It is this ability to disturb, to excite and to make uncomfortable, that has to be defended in the face of the "ban it and burn it" brigade. The arguments about censorship flare up regularly and yet the feminist case against censorship is rarely heard. I'm not crazy about pornography or about lots of the images of women that I see around me, nor am I some sort of time-warped libertarian. But I agree with Ruby Rich who said that: "In the fight against pornography what gets lost is as important as what gets won." Much of the anti-porn lobby relies on emotion rather than analysis, on simplistic, almost Victorian, ideologies about the innate differences between men and women, and a self-rightous moral superiority.

Some feminists in the US have organised themselves to fight censorship particularly the Dworkin-inspired legislation which allows a person to claim damages if they are offended by pornographic publications on public display. Perhaps it's time we did the same? But let's not kid ourselves and couch our arguments about censorship in hypothetical terms asking whether censorship should exist. It *already* does—ask the Terrence Higgins Trust who cannot import the safe sex videos they need for their educational work on AIDS.

The women who tried to stop *She Must Be Seeing Things* from being shown (and the protesting nuns) may be extreme cases but perhaps they need reminding of George Bernard Shaw's saying—"that the extreme form of censorship is assassination".

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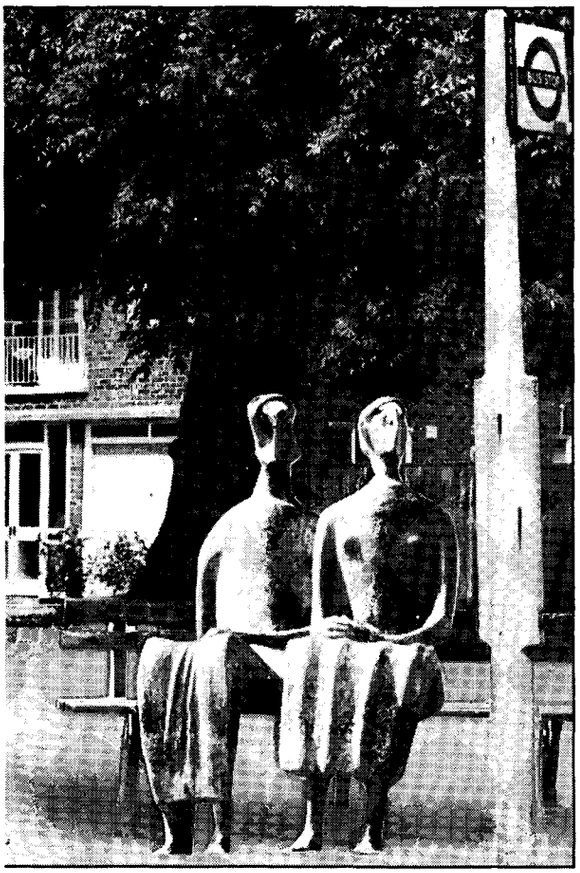

Television

Uprooting history

Englishness is a hotly debated topic. Philip Dodd on a new look Henry Moore

Anyone who cares about the history and present meaning of English national identity should watch **England's Henry Moore**, (Channel 4, 21 September at 8.30pm). Take it as the hors d'oeuvre to a feast which includes a ten-part series *The Divided Kingdom* (to be screened on Channel 4 this autumn), three volumes on *Patriotism* edited by Raphael Samuel, a book on English postwar culture by Patrick Wright, and last, but not least, *True Stories*, a 200-year history of Englishness by Robert Colls and myself. The received wisdom that England is such an old and settled country, that it is not proper to ask questions about Englishness, has clearly been overturned. It looks as if, finally, it is England's turn to come face-to-face.

At first glance, it might seem odd that Hugh Brody, an anthropologist and filmmaker, and Anthony Barnett, author of *Iron Britannia*, should choose an English artist, however eminent, through which to make an argument about class, masculinity and Englishness over the last 50 years. More direct routes there may be—but the choice of a cultural rather than a political subject is a necessary recognition that struggles over English identity are likely to be won or lost in the field of images, representations and popular memory. After all, central to the *political* thinking of the right has been the defence of an always-threatened but as-yet-uncontaminated English *cultural* heritage.

Henry Moore is, of course, a recent addition to that heritage and, surprising as it might have been 15 years ago, English art is now one of the spaces where questions of national identity are heatedly debated.

Since television is increasingly the place in which Englishness is sustained and even sometimes debated, it seems only appropriate that Brody's/Barnett's argument should be on television rather than in print. *England's Henry Moore* works within the biographical format of so many arts programmes, and uses the common mixture of historical footage, shots of the works and interviews.

Where it pushes far beyond the normal arts programme is in its determination to identify the significance of Moore to English culture—to trace the transformation of the son of a Castleton miner through Kenneth Clark's welcome patronage into a postwar English institution who could be "our Man in . . ." wherever the British Council needed him. The film is unequivocal in its judgement that the artist was a willing conscript—and that the work of Henry Moore Plc has serious weaknesses. Interviews range from James Callaghan, Helmut Schmidt and Stephen Spender, his patrons, through a miner from the pit where Moore's father worked, to a black employee of the British Council crating up Moore's artwork for show in Zimbabwe.

The case is intelligently and absorbingly made—but at times it takes so long! We have to listen patiently for interviewees to disclose what the filmmakers want and for the argument to emerge slowly through intelligent editing. A narrator could do so much of this so much more quickly and effectively. I don't understand why, since the personal essay has been a successful form on television, from Berger's *Ways of Seeing* to the more modest recent BBC2 series *By Line*, arts programmes insist on such indirectness?

Is it something to do with the aura that surrounds great artists on television that explicit polemic would seem just so much bad manners? Brody and Barnett were at one stage trying to find funding which would have allowed them to run their argument across four 25-minute programmes on Moore, either stripped along one week or seen in consecutive ones. It's interesting to speculate just how different the feel of the argument would have been, how different would have been its audience, if it had been broken into popular television programme lengths.

Watching *England's Henry Moore*, thinking of the feast to come, I couldn't help wondering if this recent obsession with Englishness will wear itself out. Is it a necessary calling to account to allow us to move forward? Or an index of our bewilderment in the present? There is a real danger that possible futures will be rendered invisible by our absorption in this past which seems our only present. Perhaps, when we have gnawed Englishness to the bone, we can then turn to forge new identities rather than sicken ourselves on old ones.

Opera

Falstaff's Merrie England

Martin Kettle on Verdi's farewell to the opera

Operatically, this is **Falstaff**'s year, with a Peter Hall version at Glyndebourne and now Peter Stein's life-enhancing production for Welsh National Opera (New Theatre, Cardiff, 22 and 29 September, and then on tour). With David Pountney's production for the English National Opera due in February, there is no better time to get to grips with Verdi's late masterpiece.

For be sure, *Falstaff* is not an easy work. The septuagenerian composer's score, so full of dazzling cameos and masterly transitions (no arias here) is not theatre music for beginners. No wonder that Stein himself admits to finding it a tougher production challenge than his earlier brilliant success in Verdian Shakespeare, his *Otello* of 1986. No wonder either that *Falstaff*, though a personal triumph for Verdi in 1893, fell out of favour with Italian audiences until Toscanini frogmarched it back to its rightful place in the repertoire.

Above all, though, there is the problem of the central character and what he is supposed to be saying to us. Merrie England is out of fashion with our times and Falstaff, to put it mildly, is not easy to sympathise with in an era which takes personal politics seriously. He is a bad, insensitive, cocky male and singers or producers who ladle on the vulgarity or the buffoonery with him only compound the problem. Yet it is equally important not to disguise Falstaff as a melancholic philosopher knight. Falstaff may be Don Quixote's contemporary, but he is not his English cousin.

In Caridff, Stein and his Falstaff (Donald Maxwell) have rightly tackled the character head on. Their way of doing so, and the key also to the countless theatrical successes of this stunning presentation, is through truth to Verdi. After all, by this point in his career, Verdi knew a thing or two about how to make opera work and Stein's great achievement is to let the composer's notes and phrases teach the characters how to behave. That sounds easier than it is, but the long rehearsal periods required by the German director enable the music to take physical shape in a lucid kaleidoscope of stage business.

Examples abound: the separation of Fenton in an upper gallery in the scene outside Ford's house; Ford fondling his money-bag in his scene with Falstaff; the choreography of the Merry Wives' scenes. Such things make those who decry and bemoan the importance of the producer in opera look the idiots they are. And they underlie the total superiority of the well-prepared ensemble performance over the often characterless, thin-spread revivals of the bigger international houses. For such lessons, this

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Falstaff is an obligatory operatic experience.

It is achieved within simple, postmodernist sets by Lucio Fanti which, with their galleries and arches, deliberately recall the Elizabethan theatre. The scenes in the garden and in Ford's house are especially felicitous, those in the Garter Inn and Windsor Forest sometimes less so but, as in *Otello*, there are object lessons in use of space which should transfer well when the production tours this autumn.

The supreme moment of this *Falstaff* is appropriately in the final fugue, Verdi's farewell to the opera. With the story told and the stage now bare, the music is literally acted out, universalising Verdi's message of Falstaff's self-knowledge: "Man is born to be made a fool of". It is a truly Mozartean moment, the apotheosis of Verdi's art and, as Stein stages one last, glorious joke on the audience, an apotheosis too of European, musico-theatrical humanism.

Dance

Debunking orthodoxy

Chris Savage King on how Michael Clark has cleaned up dance

The official line on Michael Clark's new work—*I Am Curious Orange*, opening at Sadlers Wells on Tuesday—is that it commemorates the reign of William of Orange. "Commemoration", with its taint of knee-crooking subservience, is not one of the choreographer's virtues, however. The work tackles themes as diverse as monarchy, protestantism, football and sexual "perversity"; it chews them up, then irreverently spits them out. It's typical of his inventive use of diverse subject matters with which he has drawn a new audience to dance—the fashion crowd, the rock crowd.

Clark's use of fashionable innovators in other fields—designers Leigh Bowery and BodyMap, rock musicians The Fall—and allowing them in on a basis of equality, is a reflection of his own iconoclasm. The boldness of his collaborators adds to the dynamism of Clark's dances: the air of conflict that characterises his work. Such an infusion of colourful invention could easily have swamped and overwhelmed a minor talent. Yet his choreography still shines through.

It's not that there aren't dangers attendant to Clark's popularity. The "good old Clarkie—always good for a laugh" line is one of the more irritating and customary responses. The work certainly contains refreshing qualities of fun, camp and oddball aesthetics, but the dance world's answer to *Hairspray* it's not. Clark's imported cultural bric à brac is of the here and now, instantly recognisable, implicating us in ways both celebratory and satirical. Technically, it's extraordinary. Reputable companies, hiring Clark as a choreographer have often keeled over, retreated wailing "can't", at the technical expertise he's expected of their dancers. His own company has got it off pat though—a "get this", "take that" kind of panache, a quality of insolent attack which has the hint of a threat about it. A firmly classical framework provides diamond-hard clarity, yet also a form of romantic lyricism. It's an element quite utopic in its sheer beauty. It restores a spiritual aura of modern dance that the dogged puritanism of much contemporary work had, up until now, all but obliterated.

Those expecting trivial larkiness from *I Am Curious Orange* will emerge amazed. Clark claims that his "showbiz music hall" phase is receding. It's as if, having captured the broadest audience possible, he can now get on with the real business of stretching and expanding his art form. There will be faster footwork, more complex partnering, a greater emphasis on traditional forms of dance. This needn't lead to solemnity. *Michael Clark & Co* have already proved their dexterity in debunking all forms of orthodoxy.

This is postmodernism at its very best—fleet, interactive, vital. Its waves can be felt throughout the dance world, whose postmodern work has been dominated for years by flabby anti-technicians, their invention as flaccid as their physical torpor. Michael Clark, fashionable *and* avant garde, has during the past five years, rendered all that obsolete. Everyone, but everyone, is now obliged to clean up their act. There are few things to applaud in eighties' ruthlessness, the trend Clark has instigated in dance is perhaps one of them.

The best sort of trend: creative innovation and technical excellence with Michael Clark

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MEDIATIONS

"Colour supplementitis is thought by some to be the disease responsible for the ailments of British youth. The emphasis on trivia, the worship of material prosperity...and, above all, the promotion of escapism in one form or another." Modern sentiments written over two decades ago by Jonathan Aitken, describing the social impact of the *Sunday Times* colour supplement.

And last week the question on everybody's lips was: would the latest addition to the supplement stable, Saturday's *Independent Magazine*, be any different? The launch was teased across the nation's hoardings with an adaptation of the by now familiar slogan "It is. Are you?".

Grainy monochromatic photojournalism covered stories on Soviet conscripts, the TUC conference and a gothic Diane Arbus-style baby show. Anachronistic images somehow reminiscent of an earlier epoch. After all, back in the sixties, the Sunday supplements were the launch pads for the pens and lenses of angry young men like John Pilger, Don McCullum and other "young meteors" who thrust Vietnam, homelessness and the tyranny of racism into Britain's front parlours.

But the world of the weekend glossy has always been a contradictory one. Hard articles on homelessness nestle alongside adverts for happy holidays. And in this respect the *Independent* is no different.

The embattled position between the haves and have nots is at the heart of the colour supplement. The irony of this is summed up by the *Independent*'s advertisement for Scotchgard wool fabric protector. Against a technicolour desert landscape, two decrepit Peruvian pensioners sit on a plush wool sofa, sharing a sheep-pen with the flock who gave their coats so that others might sit. The headline whispers: "For the clean living souls in this dirty old world". Which just about sums up the appeal of the supplement: globs of pre-digested social realism sandwiched between the muesli and designer toys.

Arguably, other supplements have abandoned the tightrope between advertising and editioral by re-inventing themselves as vehicles for lifestyle advertorials. The *Independent*, in rejecting this journalistic prostitution, has recoursed back to the traditional supplement conceived in 1962 by the late Mark Boxer. Well aware of the contradictions he commented: "You see an enormous amount of advertisements for swinging couples in the colour magazine, people think that's what colour magazines are about...but it sometimes alarms me that people pay more attention to the outward form rather than to the message." *Independent* it may be, but innovatory it is not.

Kathy Myers

Music

Rhythm and booze

Stuart Cosgrove on how drink is splitting the rock business

One of the lesser known facts of the rock business is the "rider", a clause written into every rock contract that allows even the most humble musician to indulge in epicurean fantasies.

The rider is the menu of food and drink provided backstage. And, in the veritable tradition of "spinal tap", it is this checklist of vodka and coke rather than any artistic hitches that usually threatens to bring a live show to a premature end. Only in the gluttonous world of the live rock circuit could the absence of a half-bottle of Tequila constitute a breach of contract.

In the mythological history of rock—from the bar-room blues singers of the southern states to the cocktail stars of the eighties—alcohol occupies a place alongside drugs and lust in pop music's most enduring trinity. However, a barely reported dispute which took place in Glasgow last week highlights a new consciousness in British pop. Alcohol, the last majesty of social abuse, is under attack, and remarkably it is pop musicians who have taken the initiative.

Three of Scotland's most successful pop groups—Simple Minds, Deacon Blue and Hue and Cry—have rejected approaches from Tennent Caledonian breweries and turned their backs on a £1 million sponsorship deal aimed at promoting rock music as a key industry in Scotland's new leisure economy. Bruce Findlay, manager of stadium-rock stars Simple Minds, rejected Tennent's advances, saying: "Simple Minds will not do sponsorship for alcohol and tobacco".

By linking drink and tobacco, Simple Minds have touched a raw and exposed nerve running through the drinks industry in Britain in the eighties. Fearful that drink might become "unfashionable" and suffer the setbacks the tobacco trade has endured over the last ten years, the brewing industry—which earns an estimated £8 billion a year—is trying to ensure that it recruits a new generation of drinkers by improving its profile in the youth market. The last thing it needs is recalcitrant pop stars.

The launch of the Tennent Live sponsorship deal which enjoys the legitimising support of the Prince's Trust and the Scottish Development Agency has literally divided opinion amongst rock groups. There are those who see the whole deal as symptomatic of a wider campaign to use youth culture as a vehicle for advertising and advocating alcohol abuse and those who see it simply as a way of generating finance, some of which will be spent nurturing young aspiring musicians.

Tennent Live is supporting a series of rock ventures including a major concert early next year featuring the revitalised anthemic rock band Big Country, whose recording *One Great Thing* was featured in Tennent's award-winning television commercial, and whose self-reflexive single *King Of Emotion* (Mercury) is currently in the upper reaches of the pop charts. Stuart Adamson, leader of Big Country, is an unrepentant supporter of the brewers. He sees the link-up between rhythm and booze as "a very positive thing" because the sponsors are "putting some money back into encouraging young people". Ironically, Adamson's home area in Central Fife has one of Britain's worst youth alcohol problems. An estimated 25 per cent of children from his home town of Dunfermline have tasted alcohol by the age of eight, one in ten 13 year olds regularly consume over four pints of beer a week; and, in keeping with national trends, drink-related incidents kill ten times more young people from Fife than drugs.

The Tennent Caledonian fiasco in Scotland comes only a few months after the Advertising Standards Authority circulated a new draft code which will restrict the drinks' trade from using advertising specifically designed to appeal to a youth market. Effectively, it would prohibit actors, pop performers and sporting personalities, whose appeal is principally to people under 18, from promoting alcohol.

Drinks companies spend an estimated £120 million per annum on advertising and inevitably the youth market—or what is euphemistically described as "tomorrow's drinkers"—account for a huge proportion of the expenditure. Most high-profile adverts in the weekly music press and in style magazines like *The Face* and *i-D* are for beer. Red Stripe seems to have moved away from its pan-Caribbean associations with reggae and now identifies with a more metropolitan market, advertising throughout the youth press and sponsoring anything from small warehouse parties to record company launches.

A brief glance through the music press is the literary equivalent of brewer's droop. A recent issue of *Q* magazine was well stocked with full colour ads, variously recommending McEwan's Red Seal Premium Beer, Beck's Bier, the ubiquitous Red Stripe, Courvoisier Cognac for those with delusions of grandeur and Merrydown Cider for those *Q* readers whose hearts still lie in the mud at the Reading rock festival.

Meanwhile, in the dressing-rooms of rock, the rider has been upstaged, and dispute rages between those groups who support alcohol sponsorship and those who see it as a defenceless abuse of pop's powers of influence.

The Tennent sponsorship dispute adds yet another dimension to pop's new humanism. Alcohol is the latest and strangest addition to the climate of social responsibility that has emerged since Live Aid, putting pop stars in the unlikely role of abstainers. It would be naive to believe that the action of three groups could threaten or undermine the position that drink occupies within the youth market. The Tennent boycott is hardly a body blow to the expensive circus of sponsorship. It is merely an act of civil disobedience which briefly irritates the corporate structures of pop. But irritation is always welcome in an industry that thrives on consensus.

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VOLUNTEER NOTICE BOARD is a free service provided by New Statesman & Society with financial assistance from Thames Television's Help programme. Interested organisations are invited to send their copy (approximately 45 words) to Brian Cushion at New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ. Please note that this service is for recruiting volunteers only. If you have salaried vacancies contact the Classified Department on 01-739-1645.

ACTION SPACE London Events requires volunteers to help set up and run leisure activities for people with severe learning difficulties. Lively, colourful & fun sessions enjoyable by all. Saturday 10am until 1pm fortnightly. Stockwell area. Travel expenses paid. Telephone Jonathon 01-444 4614.

VSO is moving its headquarters to Putney in September and is looking for voluntary helpers living within easy access of Putney to work within its busy fundraising department. General Clerical duties. Fares paid. Please write in to Christa Paxton, VSO, 9 Belgrave Square, London SWIX 8PW.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED to help run LONDEC Development Education Centre and the One World Shop. Londec provides resources and advice on global development issues for teachers and interested organisations. The shop sells TRAIDCRAFT goods - trading for a fairer world. Travel expenses payable. For further information write to: Londec, One World Shop, 78 Eversholt Street, London, NW1 1BX or phone Peter Lopez 267 4524.

SAFE & CONSIDERATE Drivers are urgently needed by Age Concern St. Helens, to drive a 12 seater minibus with a tail lift. Can you spare one day a week to drive frail elderly people from their homes to our neighbourhood day centres? Expenses will be reimbursed. Contact Lorraine on St. Helens 52644 for details.

MENCAP We urgently require volunteers to help in our busy Appeals Department. Hours are flexible - possibly two afternoons per week to help with envelope-stuffing, typing, photocopying, etc. Travel expenses will be paid. Offices in Old Street. Contact Sarah Woodward, 01 250 1537.

SHELTER – National Campaign for the Homeless - needs volunteers interested in helping with fundraising - one or two days per week. Reasonable travel and meal expenses paid. For further information please contact Marie Healy, SHELTER, Fundraising Section, 88 Old Street, London, EC1V 9HU. Tel: 01-253 0202.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE Volunteers needed to support innovative work with children & adults with mental handicaps. Training given and expenses paid but own transport is needed as we're based in a village with little public transport. Please contact Linda at Caring & Sharing Trust, Cotton's Farmhouse, Cogenhoe, Northants, NN7 1NL or telephone on 0604 891487.

RESEARCH/SECRETARIAL assistance, encouraging, patient, thorough, urgently needed by a partially-sighted disabled poor woman applying to the European Commission for Human Rights. Experience fighting system, and passion for principle valuable. High Court case already won on one aspect. Near Royal Free. Ring, preferably evenings on 01-485 2785.

INNER CITY AND Urban Priority Outposts need volunteers. Resident or commuting. Full, part, or spare time. Projects, Community work, Shop-centres, Shared houses, Study centre, Radical Christian, Urban Theology Unit and Sheffield Inner City Ecumenical Mission. Write to: Rev. Dr. John J. Vincent, at 210 Abbeyfield Road, Sheffield, S4 7AZ.

HELP!

The HELP programme is a 4 minute local programme appearing at 6.20 pm approximately (check TV Times) on Thames TV, three times a week. Here is a summary of this week's programmes.

TUESDAY 20 SEPTEMBER – COMMUNITY NEWS

1 There is still time to enrol in adult education classes, whether they're on bricklaying, fencing, jazz or oxyacetylene welding. Ring us now for details.
2 Nominations close for the election of Parent Governors in ILEA on 22 September 1988; we look at what's involved. Ring our advisors for details now.
3 Arthritis Cares new campaign is trying to persuade 40 to 50 year olds with arthritis to seek the help that is there.

The number to ring on the night is 01 388 2388

WEDNESDAY 21 SEPTEMBER – WANDSWORTH CARERS

Three major carers organisations will be lobbying all the Party Conferences about their Ten Point Charter for carers. We visit Eileen Bohan in Wandsworth to see how she looks after her 21 year old son, Nicky, who was paralysed after a diving accident. Carers can get help and advice from:

Carers National Association, 29 Chilworth Mews, London, W2 3RG.

THURSDAY 22 SEPTEMBER – ALARMS FOR THE ELDERLY

Many elderly people living alone live in fear of having an accident or sudden illness, and wonder about having an emergency alarm. Help the Aged has a Community Alarms Department which offers advice and practical help. Their freefone service will be open on the night. Please write or telephone:

Help the Aged, St. James's Walk, London, EC1R OBE.
Community Alarms Department (Freephone 0800 289404)

HELP • THAMES TV • EMBER HOUSE • 164/166 DRUMMOND STREET LONDON NW1 3HR • TELEPHONE: 01 387 9494

HELP!!! PARENT LINE OPUS (Southend) need volunteers. If you are a parent and would like to help this South East Essex Group, ring Southend (0702) 433222 after 7pm any evening.

ALZHEIMER'S ADVICE LINE - volunteers urgently needed... for the opening of a national telephone advice service for carers and families of those suffering from the most common form of dementia. Ex-carers particularly welcomed but for all who feel they can assist in any way training (and expenses) will be provided. Help with both phone and written work needed. Location: friendly, developing national office in Balham. For more information contact: Clive Evers, The Alzheimer's Disease Society, 158/160, Balham High Road., London, SW12 9BN. Tel. 01 675 6557/8/9/0. (fax 673 6775).

WANT TO HELP Bangladesh? Red Cross need volunteers to help process credit card donations to the appeal launched by the DEC (British Red Cross, Oxfam, Save The Children, Christian Aid and CAFOD) at their offices near Hyde Park Corner, London. Free lunch and fares. Please ring Val on 01 235 5454.

ACTION/RESEARCH needs volunteers during the day to help carry out research into unemployment etc on White City Estate. You will be involved in carrying out a survey of two blocks of flats. This would be good exprience for students who are learning about research or unemployed people interested in community development. Training will be provided and reasonable expenses paid. Please contact Keith Bird on 740 0477 or visit the Fatima Community Centre, Commonwealth Ave, White City Estate, W12.

ST MARY'S HOSPITAL, Paddington are looking for volunteers, male and female, to help run a busy information and escort service in the Outpatients Department. The aim is to give a friendly and helpful welcome to people attending there and we are particularly looking for volunteers who can offer one morning a week, Monday to Friday for at least 4 months. Please write to the Vountary Services Co-ordinator, St Mary's Hospital, Praed Street, London, W2 1RV quoting Ref OPD.

VSO urgently needs Voluntary helpers with book-keeping experience to help in a busy fundraising Department when the charity moves its headquarters to Putney in September. We will pay fares if you are free on a regular basis and live within easy access of Putney. Please write to: Christa Paxton, VSO, 9 Belgrave Square, London, SW1X 8PW.

VOLUNTEER Horticulturist – with some experience/training is needed by Ashram Acres, a land-use programme in inner-city Birmingham growing Asian & other vegetables on derelict land. A great opportunity to gain experience and work with a variety of people in a multi-racial context. Write Ute Jaeckel, Ashram Acres 23/35 Grantham Rd, Sparkbrook Birmingham, B11 1LU. Phone: 021-773-7061.

AMITY READING CLUBS are in need of volunteers to teach adults with special learning difficulties. Evening Clubs in SE24, SW2, and SW16. Phone (01) 311 (24 hour) or 928 5486.

VOLUNTEER COLLECTORS needed for OXFAM'S London StreeT Collection on September 27th and for the City of London Collection on October 4th. Can you spare an hour or two? Please telephone 01 585 0220 or write to Oxfam, 58 St John's Hill, London SW11 1VJ. Proceeds to water projects in Kampuchea.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED. If you are fit, with a sense of humour, can drive, have 4-6 months to spare and would like the experience of caring for a disabled person full-time in his own flat, then I have a vacancy for you. Volunteers receive £35 per week + free accommodation. For more details contact Alan Soffert tel: 01-736 8555. West London area.

HORTICULTURIST - Birmingham. An interesting opportunity with an innovative project - voluntary initially with considerable commercial potential. For more information contact John Newing, St Peters, Saltley.

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Classified Advertising

Advertisements received by noon on Tuesday will normally be published the same week
Classified Display Rates:
Standard Rate: £16.85 per s.c.c.
Voluntary Organisations: £9.50 per s.c.c.
Linage Rates: 45p per word (minimum 20 words) Box No. £2.50
All advertisements subject to VAT at 15%
Correspondence should be addressed to
Classified Advertisement Department
New Statesman & Society,
Foundation House, Perseverance Works,
38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ
Advertising Staff
Hazel Stevens (Classified Manager)
Carol Anne McKenzie (Sales Executive)
Chris Gallagher (Sales Executive)
Michael Houlihan (Sales Executive)
Linda Ring (Advertising Secretary)
Brian Cushion (Production)
Telephone: 01-739-1645
Fax 01-739-9307
Telex 28449

Appointments

Appointment of WARDEN

Kirk Lodge Home Office Approved Probation Hostel, 322 London Road, LEICESTER LE2 2PJ

Applications are invited from serving probation officers for the above post.

Kirk Lodge is a well established hostel about 2 miles from the city centre. It provides residential care for 25 males aged from 17 to 30. It is managed by a voluntary committee. There is a deputy, 4 assistant wardens, 2 part-time wardens, community financed personnel, domestic staff, and volunteers.

The post requires resourcefulness and good management skills and is non-residential.

Salary is for a qualified probation officer upon senior officer scale.

Application forms may be obtained from P.J. Peasgood (hon sec to managing committee), 26 Central Avenue, Leicester, LE2 1TB, Leicester (0533) 704240 or Mrs F. Stabana (secretary to hostel), Kirk Lodge, 322 London Road, Leicester, LE2 2PJ, Leicester (0533) 708327.

Please return all forms to Kirk Lodge c/o P.J. Peasgood

UNIVERSITY OF LEICESTER

DEPARTMENT OF COMMUNITY HEALTH

Applications are invited for the following posts working on a study funded by the Medical Research Council to evaluate screening of osteoporotic hip fracture.

Research Associate ● Applicants should have post graduate experience in the field of epidemiological/social research, preferably in the areas of nutrition, mobility and the elderly.
The post will be for three years starting 1st November 1988 and the salary will be in the range of £9,865-£15,720.

Research Assistant ● Applicants should be graduates with experience in physical measurement and interview techniques.
The post will be for 1 year starting 1st November 1988 and the salary will be in the range of £8,675-£11,680.

Application forms and further details can be obtained from:

Dr C. W. McGrother, Department of Community Health, Clinical Sciences Building, Leicester Royal Infirmary, Leicester, LE2 7LX. Tel: 0533 523197.

Closing date for applications: 19 September 1988.

SOCIAL SERVICES DEPARTMENT

Principal Officer — Child Care

BURLINGTON HOUSE, CROSBY

(£12,804 p.a. — £13,812 p.a.)

Following the retirement of the current post holder we have a vacancy for this key position in the Department's Principal Officer Group based at Headquarters.

The successful applicant will be qualified with significant experience in the field of child care.

The position is that of overseeing and monitoring the policies and practices applicable to children in the care of the Authority, and for developing the services to children in care in accordance with legislation, and good child care practice. A heavy responsibility will lie on this post holder to oversee the panel of Guardian ad Litem and Reporting Officers, and to be an integral part of the Department's training programmes.

For informal discussion please contact Mr J.D. Peet, Assistant Director, Field Services (051-922 4040 ext. 3735) or Mr K. Rawcliffe (ext. 3737).

Further information and application form obtainable from The Director of Social Services, Burlington House, Crosby Road North, Waterloo L22 0PF. Closing date: 23rd September 1988.

Social Worker

FORMBY AREA OFFICE

(£7,833 p.a. — £10,536 p.a.)

We are looking for a full-time enthusiastic, qualified Social Worker to join an experienced group of staff in this friendly team based at Harewood House, 2 Freshfield Road, Formby.

Caseloads are generic but there are opportunities to develop special interests.

For further information please telephone Mr Terry McDonnell, Area Officer, on Formby 78111.

Application forms are available by sending a stamped addressed envelope to The Director of Social Services, Sefton MBC, Burlington House, Waterloo, Liverpool L22 0PF. Closing date: 23rd September 1988

SEFTON COUNCIL

C.L.E.S.

Press and Publications Officer

Grade PO3 **Salary from £14,625 - £15,921**

C.L.E.S. is local government's economic think tank. We are supported by 40 councils, and other organisations, and we run a library and information service, organise conferences and seminars, undertake research, and do contract work for other agencies.

The job of the Press and Publications Officer is to ensure that the ideas we generate reach a wider audience.

The Press and Publications Officer will be responsible for:

- Our monthly bulletin; 'Local Work'
- Our press strategy;
- Implementing our publications programme.

We are looking for an experienced journalist, interested in local government and in innovative economic programmes.

For further details please contact:

Anita Hartley, Administrative Officer & Company Secretary, Centre for Local Economic Strategies, Alberton House, St. Mary's Parsonage, Manchester, M3 2WJ. Tel: 061 834 7036.

Closing date is Friday October 7th 1988.

Interviews for this post will be held on Friday October 21st 1988.

C.L.E.S. IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

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MILLBROOK GRANGE SCHOOL

Parkfield Drive, Kenilworth, CV8 2JJ.

Residential Child Care Worker

required from September 1988 at this boarding school for 35 emotionally disturbed adolescent girls. This is a challenging post combining child care with some classroom involvement and would suit a young graduate, single or married, seeking experience prior to further professional training. A small unfurnished self-contained flatlet is provided. Salary £6,087 - £7674 p.a. (Pay award pending). Rent £486.09 p.a.

Application forms and further details from the Principal. Informal contact from intending applicants welcomed during office hours on 0926 57306.

ATHOLL HOUSE LIFE CARE

Residential Unit Manager

Salary scale £8,560 - £9,630 (£10,165 if qualified)

Cumby House in Wellingborough is a residential home for 10 mentally handicapped adults. We are looking for a capable manager who is experienced in residential work and has knowledge of the mentally handicapped. Qualifications would be an advantage. For further details contact:

Peter Charles on Wellingborough (0933) 72927 a.s.a.p. 12 Northampton Road, Wellingborough, Northants, NN8 3HG.

DON'T DESPAIR CALL ME!

You can still enter the Labour Party's NHS Defence Appeal Prize Draw and win the Ford Fiesta by telephoning your entry by credit card to:

Maria Barry on

01 703 0833 Ext 225

THE GENERAL SYNOD OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

BOARD FOR SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY

wishes to appoint a

Secretary to the Board

The person appointed to this post will be responsible for the management and oversight of this department in the General Synod's organisation. The board is seeking someone committed to the Christian Gospel and its social implications, and with a proven record in connection with the Church's work in the social order. The post-holder will be required to advise the Board on all aspects of its work of 'promoting the thought and action of the Church on all matters affecting the lives of men and women in society', manage and support the staff team and, where necessary, represent the Church on the public and social questions of our time. This is one of the most exciting and demanding posts in the service of the Church and requires commitment, stamina and maturity of judgement.

Applications are invited from men and women, clergy and lay persons who should be communicant members of the Church of England or of a Church in full communion with the Church of England.

The post is on an incremental salary scale from £21,287 - £29,138 per annum (including London Weighting allowance of £1,750 per annum).

For application form and job description please write or telephone:

Miss Anne Holt, Personnel Officer, Church House, Great Smith Street, London, SW1P 3NZ.

Telephone: 01 222 9011 Extension 351.

Closing date for receipt of applications: 30th September 1988.

THE BROADER HORIZONS PROJECT

The Broader Horizons Project is living proof that Care in the Community can be successful. The project consists of two, six person homes in adjacent villages between the Broads and the coast to the north of Great Yarmouth. It is providing homes to people with mental handicaps who have previously lived for many years in hospitals.

QUALIFIED DEPUTY UNIT LEADER

Ref. V706

Res. Grade 4 £9,561 – £10,536 p.a. (pay award pending).

Due to internal promotion we require a highly motivated individual to join our team of highly principled, hardworking professionals, who are dedicated to helping those who live in the houses to achieve full and happy lives according to individual wishes.

For informal discussion, please contact Jeff Palmer, Team Manager (Services to People with a Mental Handicap on Great Yarmouth 650504 or Mr. Ken Forbes, Unit Leader, Broader Horizons Project on Great Yarmouth 740685.

Application forms and information packs are available by writing to the Personnel Section, Social Services Department, County Hall, Martineau Lane, Norwich NR1 2DH. Please enclose sae minimum 9 × 12. Closing date 23rd September 1988.

NORFOLK
Qualified To Care

OV SELECTION

have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers.

Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

Classified Advertisements Telephone 01-739 1645

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SOCIAL WORKERS in CHILD SEXUAL ABUSE

LEVEL III (£10,191-£12,075 per annum).

We are a small developing team based in Worcester working closely with other agencies in the investigative stages of child sexual abuse.

We need one full time (37 hours) and one part-time (18½ hours) Social Worker (to include a male) within the team who:-

● have an awareness of gender issues ● are willing to listen and learn ● are incisive and energetic ● are effective in the sensitive use of authority ● can provide "good adult models" to children and parents.

We can offer:-

● co-working team supervision and outside consultation ● well developed multi-disciplinary work ● opportunity for innovation and to develop skills in consultation in this crucial field ● in-house and external training ● regular team and senior management meetings ● appointments at Level III (subject to interview by the County Panel).

For an informal discussion please 'phone Roger, Pat, Jane or Mary on Worcester (0905) 52319.

Application forms from: Area Manager, Wychavon Social Services, 12 Station Road, Pershore. Tel: Pershore 553414.

Section 7 (2)(e) of the sex discrimination act applies to this post.

CLOSING DATE: 23rd September 1988.

BROMYARD the HEART of the COUNTY

is looking for a qualified and committed **Social Worker — Level II or III,** to join a small rural team, devoted to providing a sensitive and high quality service, to this beautiful but wide-spread patch. There are strong community links to build on, though service delivery can be hampered by problems of transport, isolation and centralisation of some services.

Creative solutions to such problems are the hallmark of the team, within which there is ample opportunity for specialisation.

There is excellent professional supervision and personal support from colleagues.

Salary: £8,988-£9,873/£10,536 or £10,191-£12,075 per annum.

If you are interested in developing your skills and being close to the patch, ring Bob Sanders or Sue Bennison for an informal chat: Tel: Bromyard 483671

Application forms from: Area Manager, The Grange, Grange Road, Malvern. Tel: Malvern 892211.

Applicants for Level III must have at least 2 years' post qualification experience and satisfy County Panel requirements.

CLOSING DATE: 23rd September 1988.

Hereford and Worcester County Council

Police Accountability!

Action not Rhetoric!

POLICING & COMMUNITY
SAFETY UNIT

POLICING & COMMUNITY SAFETY

DEPUTY HEAD — SENIOR POLICY AND LIAISON OFFICER

Policing and Community Safety Unit

Ref: ASC/440.

PO6-9 £15,417 to £16,713 p.a. inc.

To get this post, you will have the ability to manage staff and projects, undertake policy work and research into policing in Newham, and create practical improvements in service delivery.

You will need analytical skills and negotiating ability. You will be committed to Council policy on policing and community safety. You will have the awareness to confront issues such as violence against women and racial attacks.

You will get the opportunity to work in a challenging environment, turn policy into practical action, and make Newham a better place for its residents.

We are interested in creative, practical initiatives, not political rhetoric, as the means to meet local needs. The Council has a good track record in this field - if you have too, we want to hear from you!

The successful applicant will be the Deputy Head of the Policing and Community Safety Unit which assists the Council in its work on policing, community safety, fire and civil defence.

For an application form, please ring 01 471 0619 (24 hour answering service) or write to Personnel and Management Services, Chief Executive's Dept., Town Hall, East Ham, London E6 2RP, quoting reference ASC 440.

Closing Date: 23rd September 1988.
Interview Date: 12th October 1988.
Previous applicants need not re-apply.

Newham Council is committed to an equal opportunities policy. This means that the Council is committed to ensuring that no job applicant or employee will receive less favourable treatment on the grounds of race, age, marital status, sex, sexual orientation, disability, or is disadvantaged by condition of requirements which cannot be seen to be justifiable. All jobs are open for job sharers, unless otherwise stated.

Newham
An Equal Opportunity Authority

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SENIOR HEALTH EDUCATION OFFICER

HARLOW

West Essex Health Authority is a progressive, forward-thinking organisation intent on providing the community with a comprehensive health education programme.

This challenging position will need someone with an energetic approach to a role which is an important part of the Authority's strategy for the future. You will ideally have a Diploma or M.Sc in Health Education and be prepared to lead our active and expanding team with a hands-on approach. An important part of this role is the management of the District's HIV/AIDS Programme and experience in this field would be an advantage.

We can offer a starting salary of £10,817 rising to £13,251 p.a. (Incl). You will need to be a car driver and a car leasing scheme is in operation.

For more information contact Steve Brilus, District Health Education Officer, Sydenham House, Monkswick Road, Harlow, Essex. Telephone: 0279 28942.

A full job description and application form is available from Susanne Thorne, Personnel Office, Parndon Hall, Hamstel Road, Harlow, Essex, CM20 1UU. Tel (0279) 417221 ext 65.

WEST ESSEX HEALTH AUTHORITY

SOCIAL SURVEY/ COMPUTER ADVISER

NICARAGUA

CIIR, a London based development agency, seeks to recruit an experienced social researcher with knowledge of computer software packages in assisting research. The person appointed will work with a research institute, and its research teams, assisting in research techniques and advising on the use of appropriate software packages.

CIIR provides a 2 year contract, a salary adequate for a single person, a return flight, various allowances, language training, extensive briefings, insurance, etc.

CIIR **For further details and an application form please send a large SAE and your CV to CIIR Overseas Programme, 22 Coleman Fields, London, N1 7AF. Quote REF: CN/NST/1.**

If you've got urgent ad copy then fax it to us on 01 739 9307

The Young Women's Christian Association of Great Britain

requires a

FUNDRAISING/P.R. ENABLER

to work in partnership with local YWCAs in support of their work with young people and the local communities.

Enthusiasm and sensitivity will be the hallmark of the successful applicant for this challenging and exciting new matched funding initiative supported by B.P.

With an office in Oxford, the person appointed will be required to travel throughout the Association.

The appointment is for a fixed term of two years. Salary £14,000 per annum.

For application form and further details write to YWCA of Great Britain, Headquarters, 52 Cornmarket Street, Oxford, OX1 3EJ or telephone 0865 726111. Ref: Q2/NS. Closing date for applications: 30th September 1988.

UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL

Departments of Civic Design, Economics and General Practice

Social Science Senior Research Assistant

TRANSPORT AND URBAN DEPRIVATION

Applications from social scientists in any discipline are invited for the post of Senior Research Assistant to work with Mr. John Dodgson (Economics) Mr. Peter Brown (Civic Design) and Dr. Maggie Pearson (Medical Sociology/General Practice) on a study of transport and urban deprivation. Experience of survey techniques is desirable. The project is funded by the Economic and Social Research Council for a period of up to 18 months from 1st October 1988.

Initial salary will be either £9,260 or £9,865 per annum.

Applications, together with the names of three referees, should be received not later than 23rd September 1988, by **The Director of Staffing Services (AS), The University, P.O. Box 147, Liverpool, L69 3BX, from whom further particulars may be obtained.**

Please quote reference RV/145/NSS when replying to this advertisement.

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

CITY UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' UNION

Community Action Worker

C.U.S.U. is looking for a Community Action Worker to implement and co-ordinate its work with and in our local community. The successful candidate for this part-time post (44 weeks, 25 hours per week including 5 weeks' holiday) will be a self-motivating creative person with some experience of community work. The running of special projects throughout the year, e.g. a half-term playgroup, pensioners' party and sports for the mentally handicapped, is an integral part of the job which means a flexible approach to the working week must be taken from time to time.

Salary £5,639 including London Weighting, paid monthly.

Contact Sue Parsons on 01-250 0955 for a job description.

Previous applicants need not apply.

CUSU strives to be an Equal Opportunities Employer.

TEAM MEMBER

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN COMMUNITY CARE FOR MENTALLY HANDICAPPED PEOPLE?

This charity has five small houses in Crawley, accommodating 15 people around the town. We need someone to join the team of 8 staff who can work independently and take on full responsibility at any time during the extremely varied, demanding week. Relevant experience would be an advantage. Driving licence essential. Non-resdiential. Salary range £6,466 - £8,798. Please phone Jane Bay on 01-847-5821 or write to:

United Response, 2nd Floor, Kew Bridge House, Kew Bridge Road, Brentford, Middx. Ref: LHIV/TM/2/NS.

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LEGAL SERVICES DIVISION

SENIOR ASSISTANT SOLICITOR

(Social Services)

Ref: CE483
Salary: £17,943 – £19,176 p.a. inc.

- **Overtime Payments**
- **Car Loan/Lease**

Recently the Council has been strengthening and restructuring its Legal Services Division to address the many problems arising from urban deprivation. A vacancy has just arisen in the Social Services/Education Section of that Division for a Senior Assistant Solicitor.

The successful applicant will be a qualified solicitor or fully qualified barrister with experience in practising law, including experience of the law relating to Social Services.

The post requires a person who is conscientious and efficient, with the ability to work well under pressure and the capacity to ensure that the staff in the section work co-operatively together.

The successful applicant will have management and supervisory responsibilities for up to 11 legal staff, as well as carrying his/her own caseload.

For an application form and further details, please write to: The Chief Executive's Department, Officer Services, Town Hall, East Ham, London, E6 2RP or telephone: 01-472-1430 Ext. 23063, quoting the CE reference number.

Closing date: 30th September, 1988.

Interview date: 17th October, 1988.

Newham Council is committed to an equal opportunities policy. This means that the Council is committed to ensuring that no job applicant or employee will receive less favourable treatment on the grounds of race, age, marital status, sex, sexual orientation, disability, or is disadvantaged by condition of requirements which cannot be seen to be justifiable.
All jobs are open for job sharers, *unless otherwise stated.*

Newham
An Equal Opportunity Authority

Classified Advertisements
Telephone 01-739 1645

Residential Social Workers

(5 posts) WOKING/BRAMLEY

Grade 2 up to £8,031/£8,490 if qualified
Grade 3 up to £9,111/£9,612 if qualified
Grade 4 up to £10,230/£10,893 if qualified

The Oaks Centre is a progressive Community Home caring for boys and girls within the age range 13-17 years, fifty places in all. The accommodation comprises four open units, eight semi-independent places, a two-bedded secure unit and school.

The Centre is committed to staff development, high standards of child care, along with experimenting with innovative methods of helping young people.

We require intelligent, energetic and imaginative people to join our established team. These posts are ideal for people looking for a start in social work or those already established, wanting a new experience and challenge.

A professional qualification in social work, nursing or teaching or a degree would be useful but are not essential. You will receive regular in-service training and supervision.

For further information, informal visit, please contact John Davies on Woking 65141.

Application forms and information pack from: Social Services Dept., 7 Penrhyn Road, Kingston upon Thames, KT1 2DS. Tel: 01-541 9666 (24 hour Answerphone) quote ref 88/556/2.

SURREY COUNTY COUNCIL

SHOP MANAGER
ISLINGTON

£7,778-£9,703 + £917 L.W. 36 hours Full-Time

We are looking for an energetic and enthusiastic shop manager, who has an interest in development and Third World issues and a flair for retailing.

Full training in Oxfam procedures will be given. Candidates will be expected to demonstrate organisational skills, the ability to manage their own workload and the ability to manage volunteers. An understanding of and commitment to Oxfam's aims and principles will be required.

Application forms are available from Faye Wark, Oxfam, Wilberforce House, Station Road, Hendon. Telephone 01-202 2245.

Closing date for completed forms will be Friday 7th October.

Interviews will be held at Hendon on 12th October 1988.

OXFAM IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

Oxfam works with poor people in their struggle against hunger, disease, exploitation and poverty in Africa, Asia, Latin-America and the Middle East through relief, development, research and public education.

OXFAM

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CRIME concern

Crime Concern is an Equal Opportunities Employer

Setting up Head Office Team based in Swindon

Crime Concern, launched this summer by the Home Secretary, is an independent non-profit making body. The job is to stimulate local crime prevention activity. It will achieve this by:–

- promoting best practice
- developing new initiatives
- working with the Police
- raising and distributing funds
- getting crime prevention on the local agenda
- involving local authorities, business and voluntary agencies

Crime Concern is now setting up its staff team which will work to a national brief from well appointed offices at the Brunei Centre in Swindon. We are offering challenging, worthwhile jobs with excellent conditions of service. These include relocation allowance, 20 days holiday, contributory pension scheme and health care scheme.

Head of Field Operations
£22,000 + car + benefits

Team Leaders
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Task: To manage, develop and support the field-work teams working initially with Neighbourhood Watch and Crime Prevention panels, the City and Town Prevention Schemes and on new initiatives.

The staff appointed will be committed to the idea of local community based approaches to crime prevention and able to work with the private sector, local government, the police and voluntary organisations already active in the field. A high level of communication skills, as well as managerial and organisational ability, will be essential.

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Task: To establish systems for registering good practice in community crime prevention projects and informing the field. The successful candidate is likely to have a track record in crime prevention research.

For further information and the application package, please call Nigel Whiskin or Marcia Rice, Crime Concern, 2nd Floor, Cranmer House, 39 Brixton Road, London SW9 6DZ on 01-793 0245. (Details can be faxed if necessary).

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For an application form, please telephone **YWCA Headquarters, on Oxford (0865) 726111 (24 hour answering service).** Quoting ref: H48. Closing date for applications: 7th October 1988.

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Written applications - by not later than 28th September 1988 - should be sent to John Homer, Administration Manager, EMA, Station House, Fox Lane North, Chertsey, Surrey, KT16 9HW. Telephone: 0932 564131.

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For further details contact Peter Menneer (Head of Broadcasting Research Department) on 01-576 7475, or Robin McGregor (Head of Special Projects) on 01-576 7224.

For an application form contact (quote ref 9988/NC and enclose s.a.e.) **BBC Corporate Recruitment Services, London W1A 1AA. Tel. 01-927 5799.**

Completed application forms should be returned by Monday, September 26th.

GIS AN AD

Rumour is that the mail will now get through – let's hope so because the ad department is browned off with BT. If your ad is stuck in the backlog then take this opportunity to fax it.

New Statesman & Society FAX: 01 739 9307

Meetings

THEOSOPHY Wisdom Religion Informal meetings Sundays 8pm on Reincarnation, Karma, Death, Clairvoyance, Spiritualism, Cyclic law, SAS for programme, information: ULT, 62 Queens Gardens, London, W2 3AH.

INDEPENDENT BOOKSHOP

Child Sexual Abuse – The Cleveland Case

Bea Campbell discusses her latest book 'UNOFFICIAL SECRETS'

Memorial Hall, (Sheffield City Hall) 7.30 pm Wednesday September 28th

ADMISSION FREE

Billboard — Theatre

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) CYMBELINE, THE WINTER'S TALE, THE TEMPEST. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF (ends 17 Sept), THE CHANGELING. Cottesloe (small stage) *THE FATHER* by August Strindberg. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY 01 638 8891 BARBICAN: 16-17 THREE SISTERS by Anton Chekhov. Matinees, 19-20 JULIUS CAESAR. 21-22 THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. THE PIT: 16-17 HYDE PARK by James Shirley, 19-20 CYMBELINE, 21-22 Titus Andronicus. THE ALMEIDA THEATRE: 16-17 KEEPING TOM NICE by Lucy Gannon, 19-20 HELLO AND GOODBYE by Athol Fugard, 212-22 Seneca's Oeidipus.

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Its purpose is to provide students with a comprehensive view of analytical psychotherapy, its theory and practice, and the study of human development based on different theoretical models.

It is anticipated that applicants will be graduates or professionals in health, education or social services; applicants from other professions will be considered. Those intending to apply for the subsequent Three Year Course are required to enter a minimum of twice-weekly therapy with an LCP-approved psychotherapist.

The course will be held on 2 evenings per week. Closing date for applications: 15th November 1988. Fee: £800.
Registration Fee: £25.

Further details and application forms can be obtained from:

The London Centre for Psychotherapy
19 Fitzjohn's Avenue, London, NW3 5JY
Quoting reference: NSS

1988 Courses in Unstructured Interviewing as used in Qualitative Social Research

Techniques of individual in-depth interviews:
1-3 NOVEMBER 1988

Group discussion techniques:
4 NOVEMBER 1988

Details: Janet Simpson, Qualitative Research Unit, Social and Community Planning Research
Telephone: 01-250 1866

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Details from CITY OF LONDON POLYTECHNIC

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SCARCE BOOK SERVICE. List wants. 01-876 7254. Hammersmith Books, High Street, London, SW13 9LR.

SALE AT THE RICHMOND BOOKSHOP 20. Red Lion Street, Richmond. 19th September to 25th September inc. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Over 10,000 books at half our marked price.

OSCAR WILDE AND HIS CIRCLE. Catalogue approx 150 items. GAY AND LESBIAN CATALOGUE. Approx 600 items. Issued October. Send sae. Wants lists welcomed. Upper Street Bookshop, London, N1 1RQ. Telephone: 01-359 3785.

INDEPENDENT BOOKSHOP. Child Sexual Abuse - The Cleveland Case. Bea Campbell discusses her latest book Unoffical Secrets. Memorial Hall (Sheffield City Hall) Wednesday September 28th 7.30pm. Admission Free.

Agenda

C.G. JUNG

Five introductory talks on Jung's psychology

Wednesdays at 8pm
Essex Church, 112 Palace Gardens Terrace, Notting Hill Gate, London, W8

Sept 21 ○ Oct 5,19 ○ Nov 2,30

Price: £3 per session payable at the door

Organised by the Analytical Psychology Club

Sat 17 Sep

E.N.D. GENERAL MEETING & PARTY, 'Europe after the Cold War' Saturday 17th September, Caxton House, 129 St John's Way, N19. 10am-11pm (£5.00 or £2.50 cons). Speakers include Anthony Barnett. Workshops, food, cabaret and Irish music. Ring 01 272 9092 for details and registration.

Sun 18 Sep

GREAT SALE OF BOOKS, PRINTS AND POSTERS, Sunday 18th September 11 - 4pm, Hampstead Community Centre, 78 Hampstead High St., London, NW3. Two minutes from Hampstead tube. Refreshments available. Organised by N. London "7 Days" Committee.

Wed 21 Sep

THE U.S. PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION. Talk by Jenny Jeger. 7.30pm, Cole Room, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1. All welcome. Central London Fabian Society.

Thu 22 Sep

ISRAELI SOLDIERS say no to occupation. Public meeting with Peretz Kidron from Yesh Gvul, Thursday 22nd September, 7.45pm Islington Central Library.

Heartsearch

OLD FRIENDS: an introduction agency for the over forties. Loneliness is not inevitable. Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, London, N5 2DB. Tel: 01-226-5432.

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SOCIALIST MALE GRADUATE, 30's would like to meet an attractive lady for sincere, long-term, uninhibited, unpossessive, sensual relationship. I enjoy theatre, cinema and good food. Please send photo and phone number. London. Write to Box (34) 089.

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58/88

If not now, WHEN?

An exhibition to mark 30 years of peaceful protest, memorable deeds and magnificent endurance in opposition to the nuclear threat

10.00–16.00 September 19–24

Central School of Art and Design
Southampton Row, London WC1

Admission free
Organised by Greater London CND

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THE DIGGER

Michael Leapman on the ups and downs of a brassica

A neighbouring allotment-toiler came over to cast aspersions on my cauliflowers. Many have "blown"—in other words they are spreading themselves into little individual white-tipped shoots instead of the proper tightly-bunched curds.

"You should have bent the leaves over their crowns when they were small, to stop the sun getting at them," said the neighbour. I promptly did so with those that were not yet fully formed, to show that I valued his advice: but Olga shook her head and demurred.

"The trouble was you didn't plant them firmly enough," she ruled. "With brassica you have to be sure to pack the soil tightly round the roots."

Enough of this folk wisdom, I thought; what do the experts say? Leafing through my gardening books, I found that they hedge their bets and advise that this condition, which is common, can be caused by a number of factors—poor soil, not enough water or insect infestation, to name just three.

The soil was fairly well manured and the plants have had occasional doses of Growmore fertiliser, so it probably was not that. Lack of water seemed unlikely at first, given the rainy summer—but there was, I remember, a dry spell at the beginning of August, just as they were in a crucial stage of development. As for pests, the cauliflowers have attracted more whitefly than the rest of the brassicas. This, I suspect, is because they are a few rows away from the cabbages and sprouts, and I might have forgotten to spray them as regularly.

Of all the books, the most moving account of the cauliflowers' plight came from Fred Loads, that former stalwart of Radio 4's *Gardeners' Question Time*. In his 1949 work, *Vegetables in the Small Garden*, he wrote: "It should always be borne in mind that the primary object of every plant is to make seed for the reproduction of its kind, and as the curd of a cauliflower is the flower-bud, any check which makes the plant feel that it is going to die will induce the curd to run to seed prematurely, so producing the condition we know as 'bolting'."

What I have, then, are cauliflowers with intimation of mortality. It seems they need psychiatric rather than horticultural help.

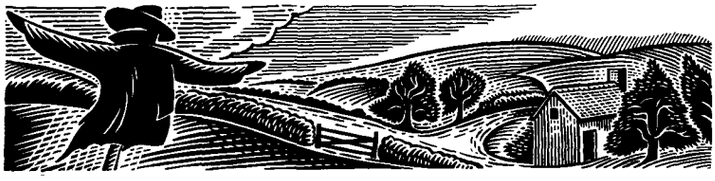
While my neighbour has been sneering at my cauliflowers, I have been admiring his sweet corn. I have not tried to grow this for several years, having been discouraged by repeated past failures. I convinced myself that, even in temperate Brixton, the English summer is not really hot enough to grow corn successfully, despite claims by gardening writers that there are now varieties specially adapted to our intemperate climate. (As long ago as 1949, Loads was making the same claim, attributing the recent popularity of the plant to "our American allies' demand for this succulent dish".)

Still, my neighbour has produced three or four heads on each of his 15 plants, spaced five by three in a rectangular patch in order to help with their pollination. Since sweet corn is one of the vegetables that tastes spectacularly better when eaten hours rather than days after harvesting, I might give it another chance next year.

I must confess, though, that I was even unable to grow it in America. The hot, muggy New York summers are theoretically just what it needs but my crop there was ravaged by rats coming in from the East River. I like to think that the plants never saw them coming, that they expired painlessly and were not forced to brood on death like the morbid, overblown cauliflowers.

FRINGE BENEFITS

Colin Ward on the shops for the poor that are too expensive for the rich



A special accolade is deserved by Radio 4's *Punters* feature, "the programme with listener power". It investigated the not at all obvious issue of Tesco's modest little supermarket in Goodge Street, London W1, due for closure this month because the current owners of Tesco couldn't negotiate a satisfactory renewal of their lease with the current owners of the building.

There is nothing new about this story. For 30 years ordinary grocers and dairies have been driven out of the West End by rising overheads, their place taken by speciality restaurants, porn shops or advertising agencies—anyone with a more profitable line of business.

Tesco's, with the usual advantages of bulk buying, were able to succeed in Goodge Street. But only in a relative way, compared with the turnover of the really big hypermarkets that they and their competitors operate outside the city centre. The irony is that when the *Punters* team bought the same commonplace items at the small shops all around they cost exactly twice as much as the Tesco shopping basket. This is not a criticism of the other traders. They are obliged to buy dear and sell dear.

But of course there are plenty of low income people in London W1. Apart from the dear old folk who have lived there for ever and are bewildered by the changes all around them, there are the nurses and ancilliary staff at University College Hospital and the Middlesex Hospital who are obliged to do their shopping locally. How dare their employers occupy sites which could fetch a mint in the open market?

There is too a great phalanx of invisible people who come in every morning for low-wage cleaning and servicing jobs and return just in time to pick up ordinary bits of family shopping at Tesco.

The *Punters* producers kept trying to contact the right top person at Tesco and kept getting fobbed off until suddenly, at the last minute, came the message that the lease was to be renewed and that the shop would stay open. As a concessionary gesture, of course, to the customers.

It's an interesting tale for a whole variety of reasons. Should we congratulate Tesco for being willing to keep open, not a loss-maker, but a less-than-average profit-maker? I've watched this firm's remarkable investment and disinvestment in Colchester. They had a big shop in the centre of town, in Head Street, which they closed to move into a vast superstore with car-parking overhead in St John's Street. The paintwork in this brand new building had no time to get scuffed before it was closed when Tesco moved again to a hypermarket outside the town.

Other retailers in the same town have made the same leaps, and the implications were brought home to us by accident last week in Bury St Edmunds, when we needed to buy vegetables. In the centre of that city you can buy shares, houses, or cars, compact discs or any kind of tourist junk, but not fruit and veg.

The Goodge Street syndrome applies in fact throughout rural England. Well-off people never shop in the village store. "We couldn't possibly afford it," they say as they sail off in their Volvos to the hypermarket on the outskirts of the nearest town. Brian McLaughlin in his unpublished final report to the Department of the Environment on *Deprivation in Rural Areas* found that: "A common explanation given by the better-off households for not using local shops was their high costs."

Poor people in villages, just like their counterparts in London W1, are obliged to shop locally. In the country they have no alternative without access to a car. In London it will cost them 50 pence just to take a trip to an area of greater choice. In village England that choice doesn't exist.

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ENDGAMES

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 3043 Set by Russell Lucas
Limericks describing the essential characteristics of any of the major or minor religions. Entries to be in by 28 September.

No 3040 Set by May Day
Scripts from soap operas in which Mrs Thatcher makes an appearance

Report by Ms de Meaner
Owing to the fact that those sweet, cuddly postpersons are on strike, quite a few of your entries are no doubt languishing on some floor in Bethnal Green sorting office. But enough of you either brought them in by hand, faxed them or, even, did them so fast they beat the strike altogether. A morality tale of our time: you can now see the advantages of getting the comp done double quick. Ten pounds to the winners and an extra two to Alison Prince and a fiver to Noel Petty.

NB: To all people who want to enter next week's holorime comp (or who have already entered by post), which is being judged by Miles Kington, we suggest you ring in and dictate or fax your entry—our FAX number is 01-739 9307. Judging will be held over until Friday, September 16 to allow for late arrivals.

IF THE CAP FITS

No 85

TUC general secretary Norman Willis clinks glasses with European Commission president Jacques Delors at the TUC conference. What are these two members of the ATA (Anti-Thatcher Alliance) saying or thinking? Alternatively, provide us with a caption for this historic TUC move towards Europe. Entries to be in by 23 September. A ten-pound book token for the winner.

Winner: No 83

Khomeini: "There's an old Iranian proverb: When the shit hits the fan, anyone can can get hit in the eye." *(Margaret Rogers, Sheffield)*

Miss Ellie: Welcome to South Fork, Prime Minister.
Mrs T: Thank you and do you know this place means so very much to me because it enshrines the twin virtues of wealth creation and family values...

(Sue Ellen reels in, stoned to the eyeballs)

Mrs T: ...which are after all what we should all strive for you know I always say if you first create the wealth...
Sue Ellen: I just saw Cliff screwing Jenna on the patio.
Mrs T: ...then you can afford help to those who need it all the more and here at South Fork...
Clayton: Jesus! Who's that lying face down in the pool?
Mrs T: . . .here at South Fork. . .

(JR enters, dripping blood)

JR: I bin shot! I bin shot!
Mrs T: ...may I finish Mr Ewing here at South Fork we see the benefits of enterprise culture at a mature stage we in Britain. . .

Noel Petty

Announcer: Due to unforeseen circumstances, we are unable to show tonight's episode of *East-Enders*. Instead, we bring you edited highlights of Mrs Thatcher's Australian tour.

Alison Prince

Bet: By the 'eck, Maggie, you've not wasted your time. You've been stood here like a bus-stop not four minutes, and there's rampant unemployment behind this bar.
Mrs T: Well, you know, I'm sure you'll realise that Gloria was not really necessary. We must create *realistic* jobs...
Alec: I'll second that.
Percy: And about time, if you'll not mind me saying. Sugden's the name, I served my country proud, oh yes. If you'd too many cooks in the kitchen, Rommel...
Bet: Shut it, Percy. Mrs T's more important things to tell folks round here than you. Flaming Nora, listening to you's like slapping your face with wet cod.
Alec: Perhaps you might recommend further redundancies?
Mrs T: Well, perfectly frankly, your potman...
Jack: Could I have a quiet word? I mean, look, your Cabinet doesn't know owt. Now, if you got *me* in there, well—I'd soon sort out this PSRB. I mean, I've had experience, me. Of cabinets, like.
Vera: Oh he has, luv, honest. Hey, get your hairdo!

Will Bellenger

(Scene—the Bull)
Peggy: I think she's wonderful. She's promised to open the village fete. . .
Jack: And she wants to hire Grey Gables for a conference. . .
Nelson: And she bought a whatnot from my shop—said it looked almost genuine. . .
Shulagh: And she laid a wreath on poor old Walter's grave. . .
Mrs Snell: And she's *so* worried about the ozone layer. . .

(Sounds of entry)

Mrs Thatcher: Can any of you charming rural folk tell us the way to Chequers? We're a bit lost. . . *(everyone continues talking)* . . .I say. . .Excuse me. . .
Eddie (bored): Take a U-turn, darlin'. . .that-a-way.
Mrs Thatcher: Thank you. . .
Denis: Can't we stay for a quick one?
Mrs Thatcher: Come along Denis.

(Exit)

Phil; Who was that?
Eddie: I dunno. Never seed 'em afore.
Sid: Who's this paragon you're all talking about?
Chorus: Samantha Fox! *(Excited chatter fades into...Archers' music)*

Gill Talbot

HELP! **HELP PROGRAMME — CURRENT PUBLICATIONS**

They are all free, and obtainable from: HELP (NS Booklets), Thames Television, Ember House, 164-166 Drummond Street, London, NW1.

NEW! Two new booklets, both free, are written and designed with young people in mind. They are:

HALF CUT - booklet in magazine format about drinking, not drinking, and where to go for advice about it.

MAKING MUSIC - booklet with everything you need to know about starting out in music, from forming a band, to who to approach in record companies.

Other current HELP publications:

CAN WE HELP! A leaflet inviting groups to get in touch with HELP about making a programme and giving details of how we operate.

GETTING IN ON THE ACT: A Guide to the 1986 Disabled Persons Act.

FIGHTING POLLUTION: A Guide to Pollution in the Home, Neighbourhood and Workplace, and what to do about it.

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CHESS

It seems we can look forward to a third USSR v Rest of the World match next spring. Such an event takes a lot of setting up, not least because neither side will be keen to go ahead unless they can get out their very best team. But so far plans to stage the match in Ghent from 19 to 26 March have not run into any major obstacle.

The two previous matches produced chess of the highest quality—and plenty of excitement too. Back in 1970 the Rest of the World were very much the underdogs. A measure of the Soviet team's might is given by the identities of their boards 8 to 10: Botvinnik, Tal and Keres. However, it turned out to be a close contest, with the USSR winning by only 20 ½-19 ½. On top board for the Rest, Bent Larsen took on Boris Spassky, then world champion, and earned immortal infamy by losing in only 17 moves in the second round. But did you know what happened in their third game? Out of fairness to Larsen, I think you should.

Spassky-Larsen, Belgrade 1970. Queen's Indian.
1. d4 Nf6 2. c4 e6 3. Nf3 b6 4. Nc3 Bb7 5. Bg5 Be7 6. e3 0-0 7. Bd3 c5 8. 0-0 Nc6 By flicking in 8...h6! Black can avoid the tactic that follows. **9. d5! Nb4 10. d6 Bxd6 11. Bxh7+ Kxh7 12. Qxd6 Bxf3 13. gxf3 Ne8!** A practical chance in a difficult position, trying to buy counterplay at the price of the exchange. 14. Qxf8 Qxg5+ 15. Kh1 Qh5 16. Rg1 Qxf3+ 17. Rg2 g6! is not good for White, and after 14. Bxd8 Nxd6 15. Be7 Nxc4 16. Bxf8 Rxf8 17. Rfd1 d5 Black's position is very solid. Hence Spassky's choice seems best. **14. Qe7! Qxe7 15. Bxe7 Rg8 16. Rfd1 Nc6 17. Rxd7 Ne5 18. Rb7 Nxc4** Black has kept the material level, but Spassky still has the advantage, thanks to his Rook on the 7th and the awkward position of Black's K. **19. Ne4 Na5 20. Rd7 Nc6 21. f4 Rc8 22. Rc1! a5** Note the sly point 22...Rc7? 23. Rxc7 Nxc7 24. Bxc5. **23. a3 Kg6!?** Here the average GM or IM would undoubtedly opt for 23...Nxe7 24. Rxe7 Rc7 25. Rxc7 Nxc7—and after 26. b4 Black loses a pawn, but probably draws the game. Larsen, ever the optimist, has a more adventurous idea. **24. Kg2 Rh8 25. Kf3 Rxh2 26. Ng5 e5 27. Rg1 exf4 28. Bd6 Nxd6 29. Rxd6+ f6 30. Ne6+ Kf5 31. Nxf4** Threatens to bring in a verdict of death by misadventure with 32. e4+, whereas 31. Nxg7+ Ke5 32. Re6+ Kd5 33. Rd1+ Kc4 would merely speed the Black K on his way. **Ne5+ 32. Ke2 Re8 33. Rxb6?** If Spassky had spotted 33. Ne6! (Rxe6 34. e4+) Larsen might have regretted his King's adventure. **Nc4 34. Rb3 g5 35. Nd5 Re5 36. Rd1 g4** Spassky now makes a horrid blunder—though the ending is bad for him anyway because of Black's more active King. **37. Kf1?? Rh1+ 38. Ke2 Rxd1 0-1.** After this Spassky was rested in the last round—presumably to avoid potential embarrassment—and Larsen won again, against Leonid Stein.

Fourteen years later, when Ray Keene's initiative landed the second match for London, the USSR no longer seemed so invulnerable. But this time they won 21-19. The margin had a lot to do with Beliavsky's superb form. Seirawan could not cope with him, so in the fourth round a seasoned trouble-shooter was called up from the reserves' bench:

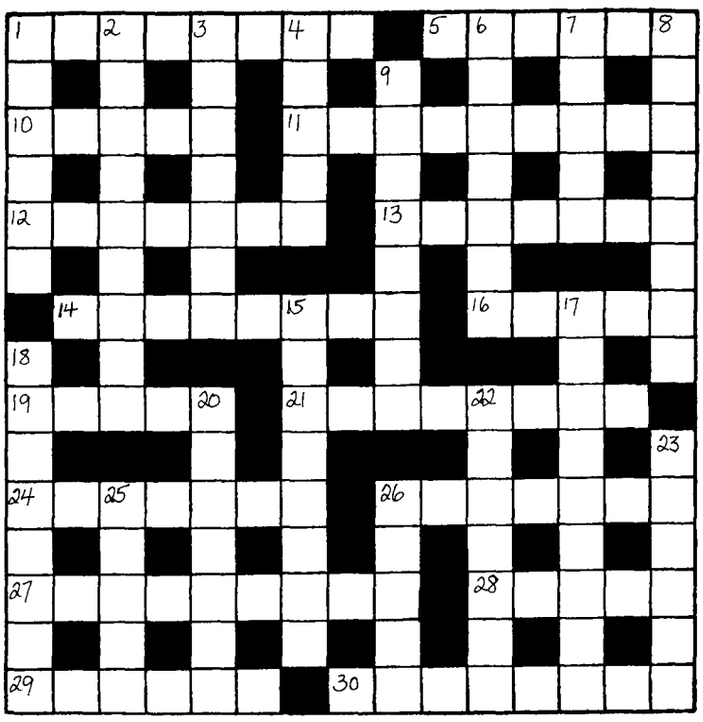
Beliavsky-Larsen, London Docklands 1984. Caro-Kann.
1. e4 c6 2. d4 d5 3. Nc3 dxe4 4. Nxe4 Bf5 5. Ng3 Bg6 6. h4 h6 7. Nf3 Nd7 8. h5 Bh7 9. Bd3 Ngf6 This can hardly be as good as the customary 9...Bxd3, since the White Q has more business on e2 than the Black N on h7. **10. Bxh7 Nxh7 11. Qe2 e6 12. Bd2 Be7 13. 0-0-0 Qb6 14. Ne5 Rd8 15. Rhe1 0-0 16. Ng6!** Neat, though not particularly damaging. **Rfe8 17. Nxe7+ Rxe7 18. Nf5 Ree8 19. Nd6 Rf8** 19...Re7, conceding that White is entitled to a draw by repetition (20. Nf5), would have been safer. **20. Bf4 Ndf6 21. Be5 Rd7 22. Rd3 Qa5 23. Rg3! Rfd8?** Why couldn't he have captured the a-pawn? The surprising answer is 23...Qxa2 24. Ra3 Qd5 25. c4! Qxg2 26. Rg3 Qh2 27. Rxg7+ and Black's Q perishes on the other side of the board. This variation should have been a warning to the Dane, since blocking d8 also allows a combination against his Queen. **24. Ra3 Qb6 25. Nc4 Qb4 26. Bd6! Rxd6 27. c3! Qb5 28. Ra5 Rd5** There was no escape. **29. Rxb5 cxb5 30. Ne3 Rxh5 31. g4 Rh2 32. Qxb5 b6 33. Qe5 Rxf2 34. Qg3 Ne4 35. Qc7 Rf8 36. Nd1 1-0.** Sharp and punchy, the style of Beliavsky at his best.

Picking the RoW team presents some interesting and controversial decisions. For example, who should play on top board? At the moment Speelman, Short and Timman seem the main candidates. However, I have a different proposal, which would echo Fischer's gesture in letting Larsen take board one in 1970. My suggestion is that top board be held vacant in case this time he prefers to assume his rightful place. Just one last chance of luring him back and making the event live up to its original billing—*the Match of the Century.*

George Botterill

WEEKEND CROSSWORD

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1608, New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ, by 26 September.



Name _____

Address _____

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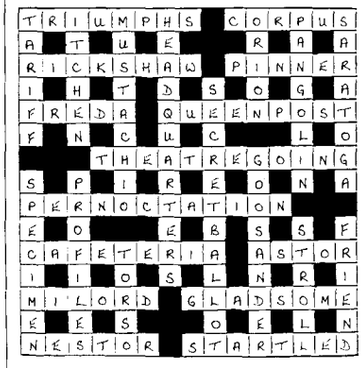
Crossword 1608

ACROSS
1. Frame as fitted into building material (8)
5. Possibly get sad when it is put on (6)
10. Declares to be not quite opposed (5)
11. The King's men make love and their sire is ruined (9)
12. Instruments needed by service personnel without relatives (7)
13. Prosperity of a little man surrounded by articles of merchandise (7)
14. Place for fruit without trees (8)
16. Joins one expression of approval inside another (5)
19. Grant given when idle land is not started (5)
21. Engaged though shy (8)
24. Animal object retreating in the undergrowth (7)
26. Degrades offspring returning without degrees (7)
27. A weakness but strange men cope with it (9)
28. Name which T.S. Eliot and Greyfriars have in common (5)
29. Headless and torn asunder, is still looked after (6)
30. The blockage exists after the Stones have been broadcast (8)

DOWN
1. Game caught by film hero (6)
2. Plant which destroys a weed in a short time (9)
3. Saviour discovers shame is dispersed (7)
4. Cuts but is caught held by cover running up (5)
6. Having a drink with a friend without reservation (7)
7. She is among the long-serving retainers (5)
8. Scatter when red spies are scattered (8)
9. Defences needed when the masses are about to fight (8)
15. Place which makes climbing develop without the frail (8)
17. Mementoes of drink kept in strong places (9)
18. Welsh flower with man's name (8)
20. Shave for an inventor (7)
22. River shows the difficulty I study (7)
23. A gentleman in love lives as a god (6)
25. Superior subject in ancient city (5)
26. Lived and died with a foreign world (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1606


TRIUMPHS COROPUS
AT U E R A A
RICKSHAW PINNER
I H T D S O G A
FRED A QUEENPOST
F N C U C L O
THEATREGOING
S P I R E O N A
PERNOCTATION
E O E B S S F
CAFETERIA ASTOR
I I O S L N R I
MILORD GLADSOME
E E S O E L N
NESTOR STARTLED

Prizewinners to 1606

WJ Linskey (London SW2)
Anne Jones (Wrexham, Clwyd)
Douglas Morrison (Edinburgh)

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Spot the moral in Philip Simpson's hectic sporting week

Stade Mayol, Toulon, Saturday night. Toulon, joint football league leaders, are playing Monaco, last year's champions, in a local derby before a capacity crowd. Getting a ticket involved milling around with hundreds of other fans from both teams, and shoving a way to the ticket office when the gates opened. There isn't a policeman in sight, and when you get your ticket you have to hang around for another three hours until the match begins at 8.30pm. In Portsmouth, Toulon's twin English town, the prospect of rival fans with unlimited access to wine and time on their hands would induce a law and order operation able to quell an insurrection.

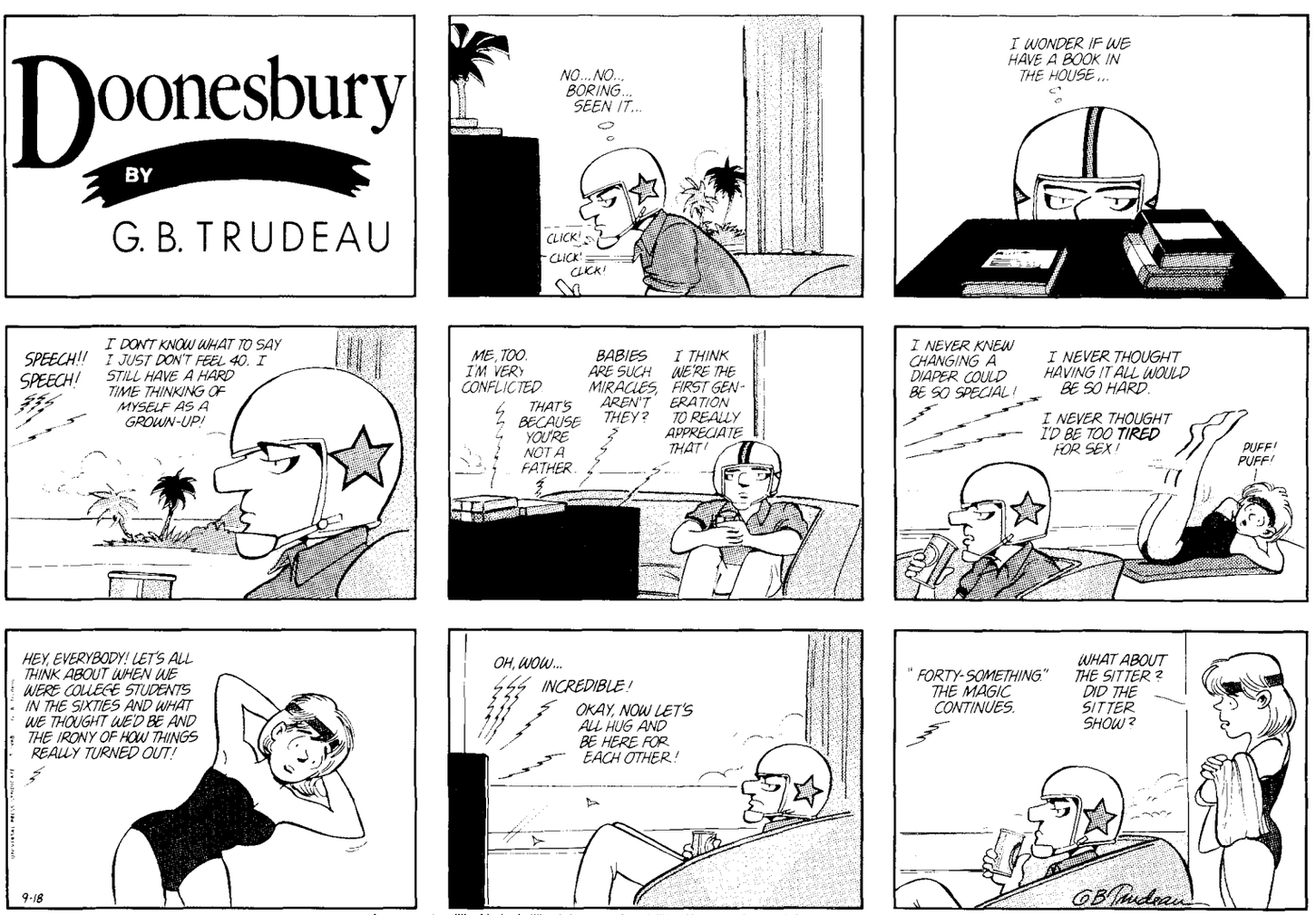
Here, people sit on the terraces in the sun, most of the fans choosing separate ends but some mixed together. For half an hour before the game, tough-looking riot police, in battledress and with guns, stand at the back of the rowdy Toulon crowd. Forbidden smoke bombs and fireworks are let off when Toulon come out, but the police take no action and leave when the smoke clears enough for the match to start. The game is so dull that Glen Hoddle looks the most aggressive player, but no one leaves till the very end, and all stroll out into the warm night, fans from both teams talking about the game.

Dodgers' Stadium, Los Angeles, Tuesday night. The Dodgers are playing the New York Mets for top position in the baseball's National League. 43,000 fans are seated around the stadium with a high percentage of parents with children or groups of men and women. There is no segregation of fans as such, but from where I sit I can see many of the different ethnic groupings common in California. Tickets were easy to get just before the game, and there are scores of beautifully clean junk food stalls which also serve beer; pickles and sauces are available from dispensers all around the stadium—but there's no vandalism, no graffiti, and little advertising.

Before the game, a choir sings the national anthem: everyone stands up, and the red-neck gent next to me takes off his Dodgers' cap and holds it over his heart while he sings. The batters arrive at the base to a crescendo of chords from an amplified organ. The home team lose this crucial game but the air of bland amiability in the stadium is unbroken, and around 15,000 cars leave the park within 45 minutes; the traffic police are the only ones around.

The Den, Millwall, Saturday afternoon. Millwall are playing their first First Division soccer match in their 103-year history: police everywhere—police dogs, police horses, police vans and a fire engine for a crowd smaller than at Toulon or Los Angeles. Supporters are segregated and caged with steel barbs, in the club colours, at the top of the fencing.

The crowd looks 90 per cent white, male, and working class and they hoot every time Derby County's black player touches the ball. And yet, outside the ground, orderly, unsupervised queues had formed for the programme sellers and the turnstile, and inside, fans talk amiably to the policewomen who keep the gangways clear. When two women soccer internationals run on to the pitch to display the World Cup which England's women won, they receive warm applause and no sexist noises. The club runs a creche on match days, a proposition made possible by their sponsors, Lewisham Council. Best of all, and most difficult to communicate, is the emotional intensity of the occasion. When Millwall came on to the pitch the noise could only have come from people for whom football still means so much. Walking home after, I ask the man next to me if he comes to the Den regularly. "For 31 years", he says.


Doonesbury
BY
G. B. TRUDEAU
NO...NO... BORING... SEEN IT...
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!
I WONDER IF WE HAVE A BOOK IN THE HOUSE...
SPEECH!! SPEECH!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY I JUST DON'T FEEL 40. I STILL HAVE A HARD TIME THINKING OF MYSELF AS A GROWN-UP!
ME, TOO. I'M VERY CONFLICTED
THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT A FATHER.
BABIES ARE SUCH MIRACLES, AREN'T THEY?
I THINK WE'RE THE FIRST GENERATION TO REALLY APPRECIATE THAT!
I NEVER KNEW CHANGING A DIAPER COULD BE SO SPECIAL!
I NEVER THOUGHT HAVING IT ALL WOULD BE SO HARD.
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE TOO TIRED FOR SEX!
PUFF! PUFF!
HEY, EVERYBODY! LET'S ALL THINK ABOUT WHEN WE WERE COLLEGE STUDENTS IN THE SIXTIES AND WHAT WE THOUGHT WE'D BE AND THE IRONY OF HOW THINGS REALLY TURNED OUT!
9-18
OH, WOW... INCREDIBLE!
OKAY, NOW LET'S ALL HUG AND BE HERE FOR EACH OTHER!
"FORTY-SOMETHING." THE MAGIC CONTINUES.
WHAT ABOUT THE SITTER? DID THE SITTER SHOW?
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